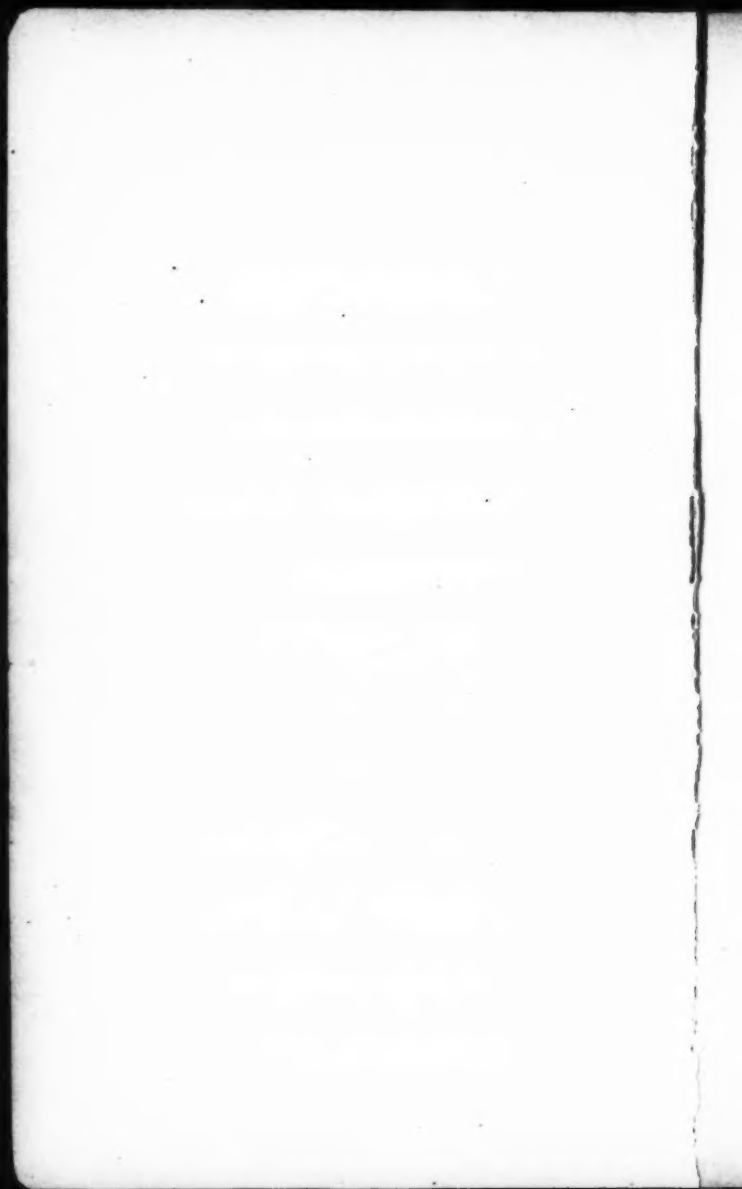




1831



THE
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

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The Atlantic Souvenir for 1831.

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D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE

ATLANTIC SOUVENIR

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY CAREY AND LEA.

1831.



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THE sixth volume of the ATLANTIC SOUVENIR is now presented to the public, with the hope and belief, on the part of the publishers, that it will not fail to merit the same patronage which has been so generously awarded to the preceding volumes. No pains have been spared to make it, in all respects, a work worthy of the present state of taste, literature, and art.

To the contributors, thanks are eminently due ; and it is a subject of much regret, that want of room has compelled the postponement of many articles, which are necessarily retained for another year.

Philadelphia, 1 October 1830.

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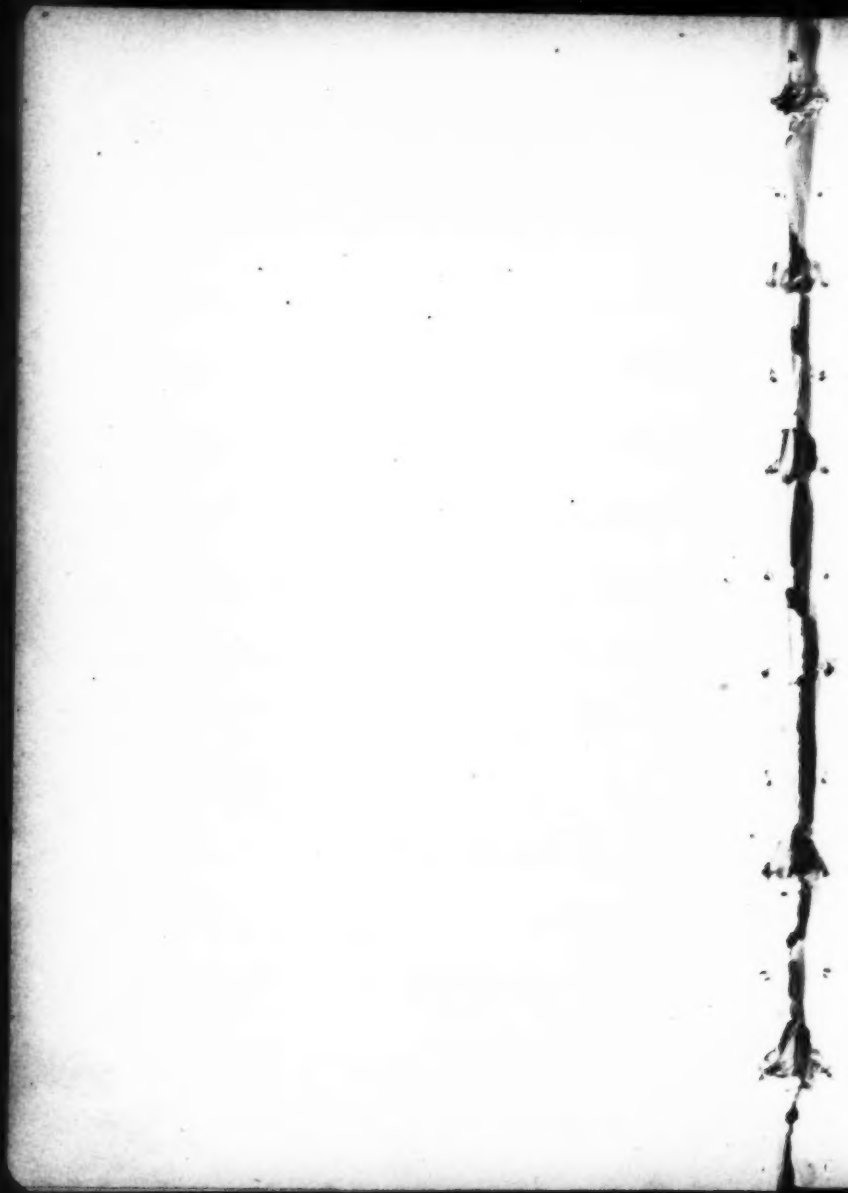
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REMEMBER ME.

I BRING no chain of rarest worth,
No coral from the deep sea-cave,
Nor gem, long hid within the earth,
To shine where now those tresses wave ;
A gift more precious far is mine
Than sparkling gem from earth or sea,
This treasury of thought—'tis thine—
The boon it asks—Remember me !

I may not here usurp the page,
To court the breath of fleeting fame ;
Enough for me in after age,
If in thy memory dwells my name :
In after years, in distant climes,
Whate'er our future fate may be—
A spell to call back by-gone times
Still dwelleth here—Remember me !

Remember me! how few—how strong—
Those touching words, that little spell;
What thoughts uprise, what visions throng
In waken'd fancy's holiest cell!
They tell of many a change to come—
May every change bring joy to thee!
In pleasure's light, or sorrow's gloom,
In bliss or woe—Remember me!

THE FIRST BORN.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

"A LITTLE charity for the love of heaven, to keep a sinner from starving!" exclaimed a hollow voice, as a gay party approached Paris, on the evening of a fine day in autumn. They turned at the sound, and beheld a squalid object, seated by the way side; but as they were intent on pleasure, they did not wish their path to be impeded by misery. The appeal was repeated. One alone checked his horse; and the others rode off, carelessly exclaiming, "Well, Antoine must be our almoner."

The mendicant, who was dressed in the habit of a Franciscan, remained seated. He was large of stature, but emaciated. His hair was bleached, and hung over his shoulders; and his piercing black eyes still retained the fire of youth, perhaps heightened in fierceness by slight mental hallucination. His counte-

nance, which was commanding, must have been in his youth uncommonly beautiful; but now was haggard, and its expression was such, as could not fail to produce an effect on the most resolute spectator.

At a short distance from the old man stood a figure, very little more than half his height, deformed and shocking to look upon. His head was unnaturally large, his hair matted, his eyes deep set and of different hues, and his face made but a distant approach to the human countenance. His back and chest protruded, forming a misshapen mass, and his legs were dwindled to a size apparently unequal to the burden they had to support. This singular figure gazed vacantly at the young man, as he threw a coin at the feet of the beggar.

"The blessings of heaven be on you," exclaimed the mendicant, "and preserve you from my abject condition. Receive the alms, my son, that are freely given, and bless the charitable hand that bestows them."

The deformed approached to pick up the coin, and as he caught hold of Antoine's garment with his scrawny hand, and ejaculated, "God reward you!" the flesh of the young man shrunk as if some toad or loathsome reptile had touched him. He recoiled, and the motion, slight as it was, did not escape the

penetrating eye of the father. "Yes, murmured the old man, "its influence is universal. It even frightens compassion from the heart of the charitable; but since it failed not to corrupt nature in the bosom of a parent, why should I longer question or limit the extent of its power?"

"What mean you?" said Antoine; "your words import more than I comprehend."

"I mean that heaven may make the heart perfect, and yet if the body be deformed, all will revolt from the object, as though it were not entitled to the common privileges of our race. The warped mind is discovered by few, but the crooked form is palpable to the dullest vision, and while this defect is viewed by the mass with insurmountable prejudice, what is there in this world to compensate for the irremediable curse! My poor boy, thou hast felt it in its most refined poignancy; but thou art avenged, for of all my race thou hast lived to be my only solace in age and suffering."

He fell in tears on the neck of the deformed, who stood gazing around vacantly, and insensible to the caresses of the other. Antoine threw down a five franc piece, and dashing his spurs into the flanks of his horse, darted off in pursuit of his companions. The beggar having picked up the alms, slowly moved to-

wards Paris, and his son trotted doggedly in the same path behind him.

The following day the beggar and his son were seen wandering about the streets of Paris. They paused in front of a palace, and knocked at the gate. It was opened.

"A little charity for the love of heaven, to keep a sinner from starving."

"Begone!" cried a menial, and closed the gate in his face. The old man staggered, clasped his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed, "If such has always been the reception of the beggar at this gate, I have no cause to murmur!" He turned down the street, and had proceeded but a few paces when Antoine met him.

"How now, old man, has your appeal been in vain at the gate of a palace?"

"It has."

"As the fault attaches itself to me, enter, and I will repair it."

They went into the palace together, and passing through a spacious hall, came to a library. As they entered the room, the old man became violently agitated, tottered and fell to the floor. Antoine hastened to raise him; while the deformed stood gazing vacantly, without even a sufficient degree of instinct to impel him to assist his parent.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried Antoine, as he supported him to a chair.

"Need I assign any other cause than age and suffering," was the feeble reply.

"Not if your deportment and aspect did not betray that you were at one time superior to your present condition."

"If that be all, they betray but little, for it were impossible to be inferior to what I am. But you are right," continued the mendicant; "abject as I now appear, the blood that runs debased through these veins, flowed from a noble race of ancestry. There was a time when I prided myself more upon the fame of my progenitors than my own deserts. I was proud of the worth of those connected with me. The world contains many such, who possess no other earthly claim to consideration; and absurd as this pretension may appear, its validity is almost universally admitted, and its claimant suffered to pass without scrutiny. How often do we see the guilt of a son lost in the blaze of his father's virtue, and, on the other hand, how frequently is the virtue of the son neglected in consequence of the odium attached to his parent's name!

"Fruitless and vain is all human calculation, for mysterious are the ways of Providence, and the secrets that are divulged to-day, afford no clue by which we may predict what will transpire to-morrow. Many

calculate as if there were no other world than this, and as if life in this world were eternal. It was on this principle I acted, at a time when every thing was mine that makes life worth possessing, and when I considered death as my only enemy. How different are my views now, while I possess nothing, save that which renders life miserable, and look forward to death as my only friend!

"This is my first born; the heir to my family name and honours. He was ushered into the world when my dream of pride was as boundless and wild as that of Lucifer. I looked upon the world as having been made for my use, and thought that God did me injustice, when his decrees came in collision with my wishes. I had a keen relish for all that was beautiful in the external, and my eye turned with disgust from whatever did not come up to the standard in my imagination. Thus organized, though the delight I enjoyed at times was exquisite, the pain I felt on other occasions more than counterbalanced the pleasure.

"In making choice of the partner of my fate, the object I selected was divinely beautiful. My heart swelled with pride as I presented her to the world as mine. Surrounded with wealth and splendour; with a name, as I imagined, as proud as recorded history could produce; possessed of every thing that tended

to pamper my pride, and conscious of nothing that might humble the arrogance of my feelings, how shall I describe my joy when I first learnt that I should soon become a father. I loved the child unborn, for it was then the child of my imagination, and as perfect an object as my imagination could create. My galleries were decorated with the labours of Italian artists, and from their groups of cupids I selected the most perfect form, to which I gave in my mind a face in miniature resembling that of my wife. 'Such must be my child,' I exclaimed in the enthusiasm of the moment, and I again blessed it. But when its first feeble wail was heard, while expectation was at the highest, to have a misshapen mass placed in my hands, to see even the midwife recoil as she presented it; God, forgive me! the idle blessing had scarcely passed my lips, before my heart conceived a malediction. My pride was prostrate, and I turned with horror from the innocent being that had humbled me.

"Years passed away, and my wife bore me three more sons. They were models of beauty, and my heart yearned to receive them; but this one daily grew more revolting. I wished him removed to give place to a younger brother. I would have stigmatized him as an idiot, and incapable of supporting the honours of the family, but his mind was a gem

that daily became more brilliant, and in the wickedness of my heart, I deplored that God had not made him as deformed in mind as in body. I kept him aloof from me, and he drooped like a flower in the shade, though I imagined that, like the rank weed, he would have grown more poisonous in the absence of sunshine.

"My second boy now approached the age of seven. His beautiful image is even at this day present to my sight, though at times, objects coarse and palpable to the touch, are to my dim vision imperceptible. Still I see him in all the roseate beauty of health, and as he was when emaciated and faded in death. He died on the seventh anniversary of his birth, and as we committed his remains to the grave, I felt as if my heart was buried with him. My younger boys still grew in health and beauty, and I turned to them for consolation. But this poor unfortunate was still neglected, for even affliction had not softened my heart towards him.

"Before my third son had completed his seventh year the bloom on his cheek also faded. He was the image of his departed brother, and as the disease advanced, the resemblance became more striking. Every look awakened in my memory recollections of my lost boy, and served to strengthen the conviction that

another soon must follow. My fears were prophetic. He had no sooner completed his seventh year than the flower was cropped. It would be in vain to attempt to describe my feelings, as I beheld his delicate frame stretched cold and senseless before me. I felt that a judgment of heaven was on me, but still my heart was not softened towards my first born.

"My youngest child was remaining. He was beautiful, even more so than his brothers, and the loss of them served to increase my affection for him. My whole heart now reposed in him undivided. This neglected one beheld my partiality, repined in secret, but uttered no complaint. He devoted his days to study; his progress was great and his taste refined, but nothing could obliterate the impression my mind had received on first beholding him.

"My only surviving hope had now nearly completed the age that had proved fatal to his brothers. I watched him with feverish anxiety day and night, for the belief that he was doomed to a similar fate had taken absolute possession of my mind. The slightest change in his appearance did not escape me. As the anniversary of his birth drew nigh, his disease became more alarming; there was a striking change for the worse. I did not dare longer to hope, for his fate was to me as plain as though I had seen it written in letters

of fire on the face of heaven. The dreaded day arrived, and he was still living. It was a bright morning in spring; he looked out on the clear blue sky as he reposed in his bed, and his countenance became more animated. He was free from pain, and spoke more cheerfully than he had done for a month before. The hopes of his anxious mother revived as she listened to him, but I felt that the immutable decree had gone forth, and must be fulfilled. The evening approached, and my boy was still among the living. He spoke cheerfully, and talked of what he would do when well enough to leave his bed. He asked for his books and toys, and they were placed upon the bed beside him. He played with them, and was delighted with a toy while on the brink of eternity. As the sun went down his cheerfulness vanished. Night closed in, and, as I gazed upon my boy, I wished that the sun might never rise again, for I knew that he would never see its beams again in this world. He was now as white as the sheets that he lay upon. His respiration was thick and tremulous; his eyes, that once sparkled with animation, were dim; he no longer spoke, and seemed to be insensible to what was passing around him. I watched him for hours, and at length perceived, by the rattling in his throat and the motions of his body, that the crisis was at hand. He struggled

and writhed, but was too feeble for the dreadful crisis. His little bosom fluttered, and scarcely a breath passed his parched lips. I bent over him to change his position. His eye glanced at mine—a momentary glance of recognition. As I raised him, he threw his arms about my neck, stretched his little limbs, sighed ‘Father!’ and his head fell upon my bosom. Life was extinct.

“As I removed the body from my neck to the bed, I exclaimed, in the words of the prophet, ‘He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow.’ I tore my hair, blasphemed, and arraigned the justice of Providence; but at that moment my first born entered the chamber. His countenance was filled with grief. I had heretofore looked upon him with disgust, but now it was impossible to avert my gaze. His features were the same, but there was a benign expression about them that made its way irresistibly to my heart, and for the first time the thought occurred—‘Even as thou hast dealt with thy son, hath thy Father in heaven dealt with thee.’ A thunderbolt could not have shocked me as did that thought.

“Man may rise superior to the persecutions of this world, may despise the combination of the whole human race to crush him, may scoff at obloquy, and gather strength in the midst of oppression, if his mind

be imbued with implicit confidence in the justice of the ways of Providence : but let the giant of the earth stand forth in all his strength, while fame proclaims his greatness, until the arched skies re-echo, and the subjugated world rises with heart and hand to sustain him; still, if the thought enter his mind that he is condemned of heaven, his props become as a blade of grass, and he falls even as a blade of grass before the scythe of the mower, and, like it, withers in the midst of sunshine.

“From that hour my heart underwent a change towards my first born. Instead of feeling disgust in his presence, I could not bear him to be absent from my sight. As he gradually developed the resources of his mind, I was astonished at the extent and variety of his acquirements. Even in my maturity I shrunk from intellectual competition with the boy. He became cheerful, affectionate, and fond of being near me. His whole time was devoted to the cultivation of his mind, and, as if by intuition, he acquired science after science. I looked upon him as a prodigy, and the aged and learned delighted to praise and assist him in his studies. Once my shame, he now became my pride; and while I marked his progress, I felt that heaven was impartial in its dispensations. External beauty had been denied him, but that of the mind far more than compensated

for this defect. I was now happy in having such a son; but 'Who hath hardened himself against Him and hath prospered.'

"The revolution now broke out with the blind fury of the enraged lion goaded in the arena. I was known to be an inflexible partisan of the unhappy king. My pride was proverbial, and my name was abhorrent to the ears of the populace. I was among the earliest victims they had marked for destruction. It was about the close of the day that they assembled before my palace. The evening was as calm and beautiful as this. I was in my library with my wife and boy, who was reading to us, and as I looked out upon the setting sun, until that moment I had never experienced so full and vivid a sense of the brilliant scene. What sight is there in nature to be compared with the setting sun! As I gazed a new pulse was awakened in my heart, that throbbed with ecstasy at the wonders of creation. I turned to my boy, whose eyes were fixed on the illuminated horizon, and they were filled with tears of delight, such as few mortals are permitted to enjoy.

"A noise was heard in the hall. My name was repeated, and a few moments afterwards the door of the library was burst open, and the ruffians rushed in. Their leader was a wretch whom I had been the means of bringing to public punishment, for an offence against

the laws. He no sooner beheld me, than he checked the fury of his followers, and exclaimed, 'Be this act of vengeance exclusively mine!' He aimed a blow at me with his drawn sword, but before it fell, my boy ran between us and received it on his head. He fell senseless at my feet. The monster again raised his sword, and as it descended, my wife rushed forward, and the next instant was prostrate on the body of our son. I was roused to desperation at the sight, and, seizing a heavy chair, aimed a blow at the ruffian, and rushed into the midst of his followers. They fled in amazement to the hall, and I followed as fearlessly as the eagle in pursuit of a flock of sparrows. All sense of danger vanished; my reasoning faculties were absorbed; the animal was goaded to fury; and even instinct had lost its influence. I kept them at bay for some time: at length I received a blow from behind; I fell to the floor, and I know not what followed.

"When I revived it was quite dark, and all was silent. I strove to get upon my feet, but I had been beaten and wounded, and found it impossible to sustain myself. I sank exhausted in a stream of blood. The clock in the hall now struck eleven. Unable to walk, I dragged my wounded body along the floor towards the library. The door was open, and the moon shone calmly into the windows. My mind was

on the rack to know the fate of my wife and child. As I crawled over the threshold of the door, I beheld a mass lying in the middle of the room. The light of the moon fell but feebly on it, and my vision was too dim to catch the outline. As I moved towards it, I heard the distant roar of the infuriated mob. In an agony I drew nigh to the object, and discovered it to be the bodies of my wife and son. The sight nerved my mind with desperation, and imparted renewed strength to my wounded and exhausted frame. I turned their faces upwards, the light of the moon fell on them. They were ghastly. I gazed on them but for a moment, when throwing my arms around the body of my wife, I raised her and stood erect. Her head fell upon my shoulder. I removed the bloody hair that hung over her face, and kissed her cheek. It was as white and as cold as marble. The touch chilled me to the heart; my strength failed me, and I sunk to the floor beneath the weight of the body.

"I had not remained long in this situation when I heard footsteps in the hall, and immediately after I perceived a figure stealing past the door. "The work of plunder has already begun," I cried. A second figure followed, and then I heard the sound of my massive family plate, as they threw it into a basket. The sound drew me back to the world again. I

shouted, and they fled leaving the treasure. What a sordid fool is man! I felt a sense of joy that my dross had not yet been taken from me, although I would freely have given the wealth of Peru, again to enjoy the feelings that were mine, as I gazed upon the setting of the sun.

"I kept my eye turned towards the hall, and as I heard the street door close after the plunderers, I perceived a feeble flash of light, and then a man appeared at the door, bearing a dark lantern. He was wrapped in a cloak, and as he held the light at arm's length, so as to throw it into the room, he looked about cautiously until his eyes fell upon the spot where I was lying. He approached, and wretched as I was, the love of life was still strong within me, and I trembled for the miserable remnant of my existence. My fears were idle. It was a faithful domestic, who having fled with the rest when the mob broke into my palace, now came to learn the fate of his master.

"He raised me from the floor, and after placing me in a chair, turned to the bodies. As I before said, the vital spark was extinct in my wife, but my son gave signs of returning animation. I directed the servant what applications to make in order to revive him. The means were at hand, and in a short time my poor boy opened his eyes again; but instead of the light of

intelligence, a wild glare now beamed from them. Had they remained closed for ever, dear as he was to me, I might have been happy.

“The servant carried him to a place of concealment, which was an obscure house, where a friend of the faithful fellow resided. I remained where he had seated me, unable to move. He left the lantern on the floor, near the body of my wife. The stream of light fell full upon her countenance, while every other object in the room was obscurely seen. This was fearfully distinct. My eyes were riveted upon it. It was impossible to avert my gaze; and I sat motionless as a statue. The flickering of the lamp created a change in the fixed expression of her face, and the muscles seemed to be in action. Such was my state of mind that I could scarcely breathe. My sight was dim, and I bent forward to satisfy myself that there was still reason to hope. I imagined that I saw her lips separate, and heard a sigh proceed from them. Her dress seemed to move, my eye-balls ached with straining, a smile was now on her ashy lips, she raised her hand, beckoned me, her eyes opened, she arose and stood erect before me. ‘She lives; thank God, she lives,’ I cried, and fell backward in the chair. I heard a voice as I fell.

“The joyful delusion was soon dissipated. My ser-

vant was now standing beside me; I turned a hasty glance towards the body, but it was silent and motionless, and precisely as when the servant left me. He supported me to the house where he had carried my son, and again returned to the palace for the body of my wife, that we might perform the last sad offices over it with becoming decency. But he was too late. My palace was surrounded by the mob, and he could not enter.

“ I passed a night of sleepless agony, raving for the body of my wife. Breathless as it was, it was still the dearest object to my heart that the world contained. About day break I heard an uproar in the street; I arose, and looked out of the window. The mob was passing with carts, into which were thrown the bodies of those who had been slaughtered the night preceding. The heartless demons laughed and sung as they moved on, and even those who were mounted among the dead to drive the carts, joined in the horrid glee. In the last there was the body of a female lying above the rest. I was struck with her apparel; I had seen it before. Her face was turned upwards, as if looking for the spot to which the spirit had ascended, and as the cart passed immediately beneath the window where I stood, I recognised the features of my wife. How can I describe my feelings at that

moment! The power of motion forsook me, and it seemed as if the circulation of blood had been checked, and respiration suspended. My ideas were confused, and my mind was not yet awakened to a full sense of its misery, though it laboured with a consciousness that no situation in life could be more awful than that in which I stood. True, the stab had been given, but what is the pain which accompanies the stab, compared with the sufferings which follow and poison the very fountain of existence! I continued to gaze after the carts, breathless and motionless as a statue. They drove along the extended street at a rapid gait. I saw them lash their horses, and the morning breeze brought to my ear their demoniac songs of merriment. Still I gazed after them, for there was one object that engrossed the whole faculties of my soul. I saw it move up and down in the hindmost cart, as the driver urged his horse rapidly forward. At length they turned down another street and disappeared. The spell was now broken, and I fell senseless to the floor. Well did the man of woe exclaim, 'What is man that thou dost magnify him!' since the fairest works of God's hand, in this world, moulder and mingle their dust with the basest things of his creation.

"In a few weeks my son was restored to health, but

the light of reason was extinguished. We left our hiding place, disguised ourselves, and commenced our wanderings. I determined to leave France, with the hope that a change of scene would create a change in my feelings. There was some relief to be obtained from constant action. We walked to Havre, without stopping at a human habitation, and took passage on board of the first vessel we discovered lying in port, without even inquiring its destination, for it was the same thing to me, so that it bore me from France. Two days we remained in port; I was wretched and restless: but on the morning of the third we weighed anchor, and my stricken heart leaped with joy as I beheld the land of my birth receding from my view. For a moment I felt as though I had cut the bond asunder that bound me to my load of accumulated misery.

“Among the passengers were a father and his daughter. She was not more than sixteen, and as beautiful as any thing of earthly mould is permitted to be. The morning was fair, the ship sailed gaily, and those two remained seated on the deck, apart from the rest, reading, and at times singing lively French airs, which she accompanied with the guitar. Every look of the father betrayed that she was the pride of his heart, and that the measure of his happiness was full. What earthly tie is there so pure and powerful as that which subsists

between a father and a lovely daughter ! I continued to gaze upon them, and my whole soul entered into the feelings of that father. I then looked at my poor idiot boy, and contrasted them with my own.

"The day passed away, and, as the sun went down, the gathering clouds in the west foretold the coming tempest. The sea, which had sported through the live-long day as a harmless child, now raged as a maniac who had just broke his bonds asunder. All was speedily prepared to enable us to weather the storm. I stood upon the deck as night closed in, and as I looked abroad upon the waste of waters, my soul rejoiced as if a new world had just been created for it to traverse. I had wished for action, and there was a world of furious and unceasing motion around me. I was fit to live alone in tempest and gloom.

"For hours did the winds and waters contend for our destruction. Every plank in the ship was strained, and the stoutest heart among the crew was dismayed. I held my boy by the hand and felt no terror, for I had nothing to lose. I descended to the cabin, and, among others, beheld that father and his child, whose lives gave so fair a promise in the morning, he on his knees praying, and she, almost senseless, hanging around his neck. The sight smote me to the heart, and as I beheld the misery that encompassed me, I

felt, as did the prophet on his voyage to Nineveh, that I was the cause of all. I hastened on deck, and in his words exclaimed—‘Take me up and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.’

So fully was I impressed with the truth of what I spoke, that I would have leaped overboard had not the sailors laid hold of me and restrained me.

“The ship laboured through the night, groaning like some mighty creature at the point of dissolution. The sea rushed through the crevices on all sides, and on trying the pumps, we discovered three feet of water in the hold. The ship was now unmanageable, floating like a dead mass upon the surface of the sea. All this time the gloom of night was around us, and unseen danger is always more appalling to our nature than that which we behold approaching. Many on that night endured the pangs of death a thousand fold, and still are living.

“All hands were driven on deck, for the sea had taken possession below. Among the rest were that father and his child. His countenance was calm; resignation was depicted there: while the fair being who clung to him looked as if death had already more than half performed his office. They stood mute, not a word escaped their lips, which was strangely contrasted with

the confusion and uproar that prevailed. As the morning approached, a heavy sea heaved the vessel on her side, and the sweeping surge passed over her. A wild shriek of terror mingled with the roar of the waters, and when we had sufficiently recovered, we beheld that the father and his daughter had been washed overboard. I looked out on the rising billow, and there they were ascending, locked in the embrace of each other. They attained the summit, and in a moment descended into the chasm on the other side. The waves propelled us forward, and again I saw the bodies rise. It was but a momentary view, and they disappeared from mortal eyes for ever. The sight struck all on board dumb, while each anxiously looked among the crowd to discover who had perished. All had escaped save those two. There were among us those who did not fear to die; there were among us those who wished for death; and yet these were passed by, and the happiest, those to whom life was as a cloudless day in spring, alone were selected to perish. And why was this? Let the most favoured and self sufficient that treads the earth answer me, and think upon himself.

"The sea bore the wreck onward, and after a lapse of several hours we found ourselves in sight of Calais. A signal was hoisted, and shortly afterwards we beheld the wreckers coming to our relief. We were

landed in safety, and the wreckers returned to save what property they could from the wreck. While I stood upon the quay and beheld them, one thought engrossed my mind. Why was it that, of all of us, that father and his daughter only perished?

"Years of humiliation and suffering have elapsed since that time. I have asked bread from those whose tables groaned beneath the luxuries of the earth, and been denied, and, half famished, I have appealed to the wretch who lives on common charity, and he has divided his last crust with me. I have stood in my rags before those who have sat down at my table, and whose hearts my hospitality has lightened, and they would not know me; and I have supplicated for food at my own gate, and been driven thence by the pampered menial. Oh God! I fear that I am not the first who has met with similar treatment, even while I reposed within, surrounded by every luxury. If so, I bend before the justice of thy decree."

"Driven from your own gate! when?" cried Antoine.

"This day. Within the last hour."

"You astonish me. Where?"

"Here! from the gate of this palace."

"Ha! are you the count——?"

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I say, tear up the carpet, and here, here in this spot, you will find the blood of my wife still red upon the floor." He stood erect and stamped upon the spot.

The deformed was busy in examining minutely every part of the room. A gleam of recognition crossed his countenance, as he stood in front of the window facing the west, and gazed upon the setting sun. He fixed upon the same spot and assumed the same position in which he had stood years before. His father watched his movements. The young man pressed his hand upon his eyes, drew a deep sigh, and scarcely articulated, "How sublime and beautiful! How blest are they who, after a brilliant career, can, like thee, thus calmly and unclouded retire from this world."

"And a thousand times more blest are they, my boy, who thus descend, conscious that like him they will rise again with renewed strength and undiminished splendour."

The young man gave a vacant smile as he looked towards his father, but returned no answer. That smile froze the hope that was budding in the father's bosom.

"Come my son," cried the old man, "it is time to resume our wanderings." He made a hasty approach towards the door, and the deformed slowly and mechanically followed without raising his head.

"Stay," cried Antoine, "here let your wanderings terminate."

"How mean you?"

"For the sake of that unfortunate, your days shall close in comfort. He was a friend to me in my boyhood, when I had few friends. I was of mean birth, but he overlooked the distinction that society had raised between us. His acquirements were extensive; I became his pupil, and while he strove to scatter the seeds of knowledge in my mind, I could not remain insensible to the virtues of his heart, and I trust that the impression then made is not yet obliterated."

"Even as thou sowest shalt thou reap," cried the father, embracing his son. The mendicant gladly accepted the hospitable offer; and closed his days, surrounded by every comfort that wealth could procure; and as he contemplated the scenes of his past life, he felt that countless blessings may be heaped upon man, and yet a single dispensation, which may not accord with his wishes, too frequently embitters life and perverts every grateful feeling, though that dispensation may have been designed as a blessing of the greatest magnitude, and would have proved such, had not his erring nature defeated the views of an all wise Providence.

THE TROUBADOUR.

BY FREDERIC MELLEN.

He lean'd beneath the casement, and his gaze
Went forth upon the night, as if his thoughts
Held dark communion with its secret shadows;
And as the light stole in among the leaves,
There might be traced upon his marble brow
The lines that grief, not time, had written there.
He rested on his harp, and as his hand
Swept lightly o'er its strings, its sadden'd tone
Seem'd like the echo of some spirit's moan.

Lady! the dark long night
Of grief and sorrow,
That knows no cheerful light,
No sun-bright morrow,

Is gath'ring round my heart,
In gloom and tears,

That will not, can not part,
For long, long years.

Oh! would that thought could die;
And memory
Pass, like the night wind's sigh,
Away from me.

There is a resting place,
Cold, dark and deep;
Where grief shall leave no trace,
And misery sleep.

Would I were slumb'ring there,
From life's sad dream;
The tempest's cold, bleak air,
My requiem.

Lady! my harp's sad song
Hath wing'd its flight;
But still, its chords along,
Murmurs my last 'good night!'

—The melody had ceased,—the harper gone;
And, silent all, the waning night pass'd on.

SONNET TO FELICIA HEMANS.

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

ENCHANTRESS of the spirit searching lyre !
I may not liken to an earthly sound,
Thy minstrelsy—and yet there wander round
Such melodies, when summer winds expire
At the sweet hush of evening's holy hour:
The voice-like breathings of the dying wind,
Have all the purity, the hallow'd power,
That live in the rich essence of thy mind.
Not with familiar images alone,
Pictured upon the heart, thou wak'st thy chords—
Soul-stirring thoughts, and themes of lofty tone,
Like sibyl-gleams, flash from thy burning words !
Sing on—sing on ! that choir indeed is blest,
Whence strains like thine come thrilling to the breast !

INFANCY.

BY FREDERICK S. ECKARD.

SACRED your play and gladness,
Fair creatures! to recal
Those dim refreshing memories
On which no taint can fall;
A charm too, like the sunset
On the young blossom's hue,
They fade amidst the waning hours,
And change must come o'er you.

You can wake our early pleasures,
When dream-like and unknown
Life stretch'd beyond,—a glittering morn
Before the dew has flown;
You can give us back unsullied
The phantasies of youth,
When the sunshine from the bosom veil'd
The ruggedness of truth.



Engraved by J. H. Smith.

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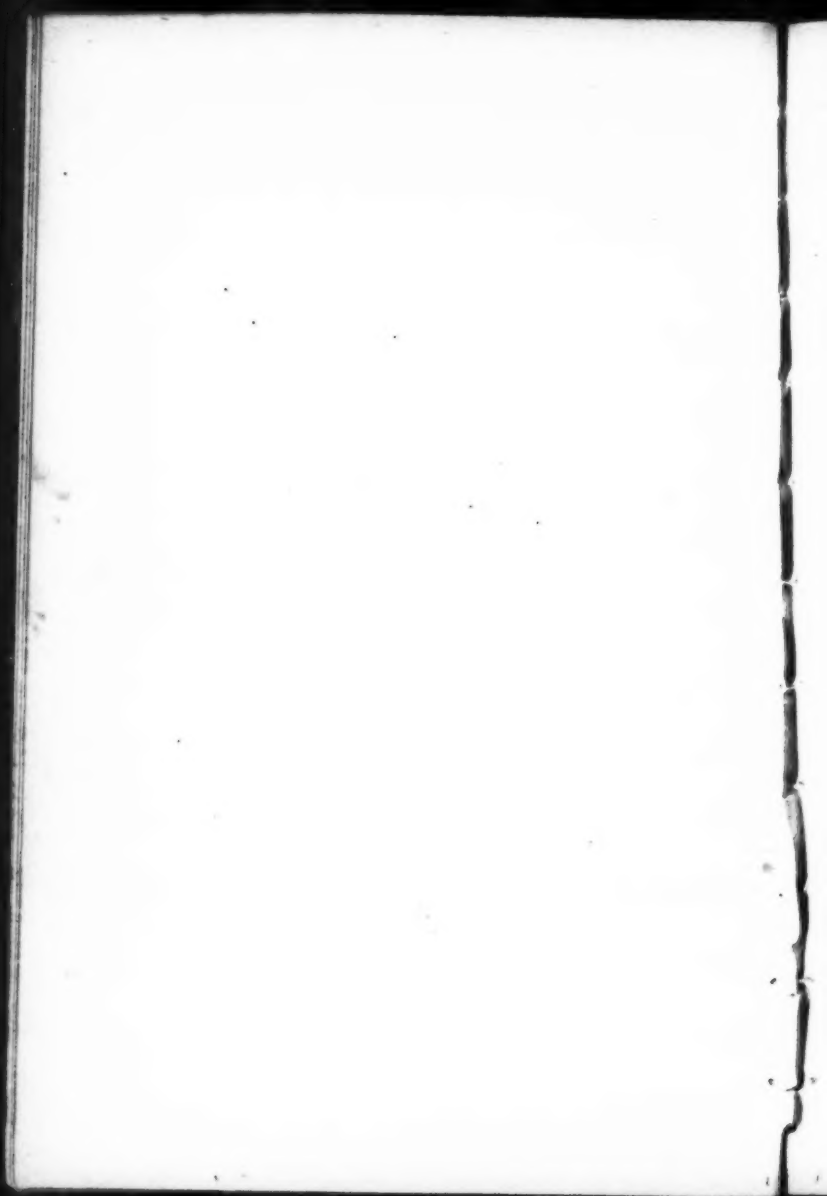
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Painted by Sir Tho^s Lawrence.

Engraved by Tho^s Kelly.

1012. A. 10. 1.



Those visions soon are ended,
For deeper thoughts must fill
The current of our after years,
Yet we are losers still ;
For with them goes the innocence
That own'd no evil thought,
And knowledge, at that heavy price,
Alas ! is dearly bought.

As those who in a tempest
Are shuddering o'er the grave,
When hope has almost ceased to nerve
Their strivings with the wave,
Discover some green island,
Some calm sequester'd spot,
Where terror may be lull'd to rest,
And ocean's rage forgot ;

Thus, O ye joyful children !
Appears your radiant glee,
A fairy land to which the soul
From storm and cloud can flee.
'Midst bitterness and discord
Ye come like music sweet ;
A zephyr from the balmy dawn,
To check the noon-day heat.

COULEUR DE ROSE.

Here are we in a bright and breathing world.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE is light and joy in this glowing world,
Where'er we turn our gaze,
In the lake in its summer beauty curl'd,
In the dancing sunbeam's rays.

There is joy o'er the hills, where the corn waves bright,
Where the fields are yellow with grain,
Where the fruit of the vine crowns each sunny height,
Whence the purple wine they drain.

There is joy 'mid the mountains, the wild and the free;
Where the step of man may not come,
Where the deer bounds along in tameless glee,
Away to his own forest home.

There is joy in the deep trackless paths of the ocean,
Where the sky meets the kiss of the spray,
Where no sound is heard, save the billows' commotion,
As they dash on their endless way.

There is joy in the dawn of the cheerful sun,
When the world is awaken'd to light;
At its setting, when care and labour are done,
In the stillness and beauty of night.

There is joy in childhood's witching tone,
In the light of its laughing eyes,
Ere the heart with sorrow has heavy grown,
Or the cheek been blighted by sighs.

There is joy in the 'purple light' of youth,
The season of gay romance,
When the heart beats high in stainless truth,
And love beams in every glance.

O! who is not blest in this fair world to dwell?
Though some sorrows may dim it with pain,
They are sent to prevent us from loving too well
A spot where we may not remain.

There is joy in the dreams of another sphere,
E'en lovelier and brighter than this ;
There the clouds that obscure the sunshine here,
Shall be lost in endless bliss !

THE WINDS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

WE come ! we come ! and ye feel our might,
As we 're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And our broad, invisible pinions sweep
Over the mountains, and over the deep,
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free ;
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we.
Ye call us the winds, but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell ?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest, or fan the flower ;
When the hair-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower 's o'erthrown and the oak is rent ;
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave ;

And ye say it is we, but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place ?

And whether our breath is loud and high,
Or comes in a soft and balmy sigh ;
If our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whispering woo the ear
With music aerial ; still, 'tis we ;
And ye look, and ye list, but what do ye see ?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note when our numbers cease ?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand,
We come and we go at his command ;
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His finger 's our guide, and we look not back ;
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentlest airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

THE EVE OF SAINT ANDREW.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

AMONG the most remarkable of the Indian nations inhabiting the continent of North America, was the tribe of the Natchez of the Mississippi, who occupied the site of the present town of that name, and the surrounding country. In appearance, manners, habits and religion, they differed from all the other tribes, and had made far greater advances in civilization. Their chief, or Sun, as he was called, was entirely despotic; their complexions were different from those of the northern Indians; they worshipped the sun, and in various other points so strongly resembled the natives of Mexico, that there appears little reason to doubt that the Natchez were the parent stock whence the Mexicans derived their descent. The traditions of the latter all point to an emigration from the north; and in tracing the origin of the peopling of

the new world, every fact, historical, geographical and traditionary, seems to demonstrate that the progress must have been from the north to the south.

The situation of Natchez, high, healthy and commanding, early attracted the attention of the French, who built a fort, called Rosalie, and formed a settlement under its protection. Fort Rosalie was situated on a hill, about two hundred feet above the Mississippi, at the foot of which was the landing place. It was surrounded only by a stoccade. On the middle of the hill, near the houses of the inhabitants, stood the magazine, which commanded a view of the vast plains of the Mississippi, exhibiting a prospect full of grandeur and beauty; then a paradise of nature, now a garden rich in fruits and cultivated plantations. Of all the nations of Europe that have usurped the inheritance of the new world, it is due to truth, justice, and humanity, to state that the French have the least to answer for, in their intercourse with the natives. Wherever that gallant people go, they seem to carry with them the seeds of civilization and politeness; and it is not too much to say, that, few as they are, the only instances of a cordial friendship and good understanding between the red men and the white are to be found in the intercourse of the natives of France with the aborigines of the new world.

Courtesy wins its way every where; and even the rude barbarians of North America, the most wild, the most revengeful, and the most impracticable of the human race, were attracted into habits of some intimacy by the influence of example and kindness. On the Mississippi, at Detroit, Montreal and Quebec, are still to be seen the few and solitary examples of white men and Indians having lived in near neighbourhood and constant intercourse with each other, without that sad and apparently mysterious result which, every where else on this great continent, has followed the association; I mean the sure and slow extinction of the latter. Much of this is owing to courtesy, much to the sober habits of the French, and much more perhaps to the influence of a religion, which, though often calumniated, exercises a dominion over the minds of untutored savages, at least far more powerful, and permit us to say, far more salutary, than has hitherto resulted from the influence of any other.

The French had settled at Natchez, at an early period after their first arrival in Louisiana, without opposition from the natives, who received them in a friendly manner, and, on one occasion, saved the colony from starving, by assisting it with provisions during a period of great severity. In the year 1723,

the imprudence or cowardice of a soldier in calling out murder, and causing the guard to fire upon and wound an old chief, occasioned for a while an interruption of this good understanding. The Natchez retaliated by killing one or two Frenchmen, and attacking Fort St. Catherine; but the war lasted only four days, and, from that time until the period in which our relation commences, there was no interruption of the friendship subsisting between the Indians and the strangers.

The Sieur de Chopart had been displaced from the command of the post at Natchez, on account of his having committed various acts of injustice towards his own people, as well as the savages. However he had made a voyage down to New Orleans, where he boasted so much of his successful administration, and displayed such magnificent views of the future, that he completely imposed on the commandant general M. Périer, who reinstated him in his command. The Sieur de Chopart was a rare compound of vanity, frivolity, and courage, such as is perhaps to be found nowhere else but among his countrymen. He had a vast opinion of himself, a thorough contempt for the Indians, and had determined in his own mind to immortalize his name, by becoming the founder of a great empire. The Sieur was besides a passionate, self will-

ed braggadocio, who never followed the advice of any person whatever, and if you wanted to be sure of his making a blunder, it was only necessary to point out to him the right way; it was then reduced to a certainty that he would go wrong. He was moreover excessively vain of his person and accomplishments, and it was his firm opinion, that not one of the copper coloured ladies of the Natchez could view him with indifference. In short, nothing redeemed him from the penalty of being laughed at and despised, but his extraordinary contempt of danger. He was absolutely born without fear, and his courage was entirely distinct from the sentiment. It was neither the apprehension of shame, nor the love of glory; it was the total absence of a feeling common to all animals, except occasionally a *lusus naturæ*, like the *Sieur de Chopart*. A man may be hated, abhorred, and avoided; but if he has courage, it is impossible to despise him.

On taking possession of his honours a second time, the *Sieur de Chopart* determined to become the founder of a city, that should excel all others past, present and future, and call it after himself. In pursuance of this lofty conception, he examined the grounds in the neighbourhood of Fort Rosalie, but found no spot suitable to the grandeur of his plans and the magni-

tude of his city. The Sieur then extended his views beyond the grounds occupied by the French settlers, and at length fixed upon the village of the White Apple, distant about two leagues, and occupying an area of nearly a square league. The moment this magnificent idea came across him, he looked in the glass with special complacency, cut two or three capers, and sent for the Sun of the village of the White Apple to come to the fort forthwith.

When the Sun arrived, the Sieur de Chopart began to talk about the future glories of the empire he was about to found, and to tell him, how, in the course of so many moons, the white people would spread to the great ocean in the west, and drive the Indians headforemost into the salt lake. It was therefore but just and proper that he and his people should jog off in time, and look out for some other place for their village, for he was going to found a great city on the very spot. A cloud passed over the face of the Sun, when he heard this consoling prophecy of the Sieur de Chopart, and deepened into a thunder storm, as the chief listened to the satisfactory conclusion of this eloquent harangue. The Natchez asserted that they were the descendants of the Sun, and in all North America there was not a tribe that held their heads higher

than they. They preferred death to slavery in any other form than the despotic will of their chief.

The Sun of the White Apple, being, like all savages, a reasonable person, concluded in his own mind that the Sieur was one also, and that if he was talked to in a reasonable manner, he would abandon this gigantic idea of founding a great city and driving all the red men into the great salt lake. He accordingly quelled his proud indignation, and answered, as he thought very much to the purpose, as follows :

"Brother, my ancestors have lived in the village of the Apple, as many years as there are hairs in your long queue ; it is good therefore that we continue there still."

The Sieur de Chopart waxed wrath at this non sequitur of the Sun, and especially at the allusion to his long queue, on which he most especially valued himself.

"Monsieur Sol," cried he, "if you dont remove from the village of the Apple in five days, you shall repent it, though you had lived there as many years as there are hairs in the tail of the great bear."

"But my brother," answered the Sun with great gravity and decorum, "when the white men came here first, they told us there was land enough for us all ; that the same sun would shine on the red men

and them, and all would walk quietly in the same path. Will my brother cross his track and tell lies?"

Here the *Sieur* interrupted him, saying there was no use in talking, what he had to do was to obey, and that would be better than all the argument in the world. The commandant then absolutely snorted with self importance, and went away without ceremony to see his pretty little Indian wife, and astonish her with his gigantic views. Tellatee was the daughter of one of the chiefs of the Tonicas, and was known in the tribe as the Little Rattle Snake, on account of the brightness of her eyes. The chief of the Apple village withdrew without any visible emotion, saying, with an appearance of great indifference, that he would go and consult his people, and hold a council on the matter.

He accordingly assembled a council of the wise men of the village, where, after a deal of long speeches, they agreed upon a representation to the commandant. Accordingly they sent him word that the corn which they had planted was but just coming up, that all the hens were laying their eggs; and that if they quitted their village now, all the chickens and corn would be lost both to the French and themselves, as the former were not sufficiently numerous to weed and take care of the corn. This seemed indeed a

reasonable thing enough; but the *Sieur* was not a man to be deceived by reasons, let them be ever so good. His reply was, that if they did not obey and depart in the time prescribed, he would beat them into mummies.

Another council of the wise men of the Apple village was convened to consider of this alternative. One of the sages proposed that they should offer to pay the *Sieur*, in a certain number of moons, as many baskets of corn and as many fowls as there were huts in the village, provided he would permit them to remain to gather in their corn. The proposition was approved, and the Sun of the Apple again made his appearance before the mighty and potent commandant of a mud fort mounting three swivels. That august little potentate was pleased to accede to this offer, he being exceedingly fond of chickens and corn.

"But listen, *Monsieur Sol*," said he, "I grant your request, not out of complaisance to the corn and chickens, both which I hold to be utterly beneath my regard, but from the affection I bear to my dear friends the people of the Apple, who have always been the very good friends of the French."

"*Hugh!*" quoth the Sun of the Apple, who, though he did not believe a word of this speech, received it

with great gravity, and appeared to be highly satisfied with his noble sentiments.

He returned to his village, again assembled the council, and communicated the result of his mission, which was received in silent indignation. After a silence of some minutes, the Sun proceeded to open himself to his people. He told them it appeared necessary to withdraw themselves from the tyranny of the white men, who, in proportion as they increased in strength, increased in their violent exactions. He reminded them of the war lately made upon them, in violation of the solemn peace which had subsisted ever since the first coming of the French, and that nothing was now left them but to take a bloody revenge, and, at the same time, release themselves from the payment of the unjust tribute which the commandant had obliged them to offer. This enterprise called for the utmost secrecy and the most consummate art, to cajole the French chief, and throw him entirely off his guard. He concluded by saying that the affair required some time to reflect upon, before it was laid before the Grand Sun and his council, and dismissed them with an assurance that they would be called together again in a few days, to determine finally what was to be done.

In about a week he summoned them again, during

which time the old men had consulted together, and come to an unanimous conclusion, to unite in the entire destruction of all the French in Louisiana. The Sun addressed them as follows :

“You have had full time to consider the proposal I made you some time ago. I therefore desire you to suggest the best means of getting rid of these bad neighbours.”

The oldest man then rose and spoke to the following effect;

“We have long seen that the neighbourhood of the French does us more harm than good. We who are old men know this; but the young men are blind and see it not. The wares of the French yield great pleasure to the young people; but what do they do, but debauch the young women with the love of trinkets, and taint the blood of the nation, and make them vain and idle? It is the same with the young men; and the married men must work hard to maintain their families and enable the children to dress fine and do nothing. Before the French came we were men, we were content with what we had, we walked every path without fear. But now we go half bent, we cannot stand straight, we go groping along afraid of meeting with thorns and briars, we walk like slaves, and shall soon be so, because we are treated as such

already. When they are strong enough, they will be like wolves in packs; they will no longer walk in the night, they will attack men. When our young people commit the least fault, they will tie them to a post, and whip them as they do the negroes. Have they not already done this to one of our young men, and is not death better than whipping?"

He paused awhile to take breath, and then proceeded:

"What do we wait for? Shall we go to sleep, and when we wake, find that the white people have multiplied like mosquitoes, so that we can no longer oppose them? What will the Choctaws, the Tonicas, the Chickasaws and the Padoucas say of us Natchez, who pass for the wisest of all the red men? They will say we cannot see as far as the ground mole. Why then wait we any longer? Let us set about freeing ourselves, and show that we are men, who are satisfied with what we are and what we have, without working like slaves. From this day, let us set about it. Order our women to get ready our provisions without telling them the reason. Go and carry the pipe of peace to all the nations of this country. Tell them that though they are at a distance, they will take their turn when we are made slaves, and that the only way is, to help us before it becomes necessary to help

themselves. Let them know that if they join us, we can cut off, in one day and one hour, all the French in the country to a man. The day shall be that on which we are to bring in to the commandant our corn and chickens; the hour shall be the quarter of the day. Let the warriors go armed, with their contributions, as if going to hunt, and so manage, that to every Frenchman in a French house there shall be two or three Natchez. We will ask to borrow arms and ammunition for a great hunting match, to provide for a great feast, and promise to bring them plenty of meat. The firing at the commandant's house shall be the signal to fall at once upon the French, and kill every soul—man, woman and child. Thus shall those who live in the great French village, on the great river down below, be for ever discouraged from coming to settle here."

The old man then proceeded to disclose the particulars of his plan. He proposed that a bundle of rods, containing precisely the same number with one reserved by themselves, should be sent to each of the nations which should unite in the destruction of the whites, indicating the number of days that were to elapse previous to striking the blow, that all might strike at one and the same time. To avoid mistakes and be exact in pulling out a rod every day, breaking

it and throwing it away, it was necessary to give these messages and bundles in charge of a person of great prudence. He ceased and sat down.

This plan was approved by the council unanimously, and ratified by the Sun of the Apple. The next thing was to obtain the co-operation of the Grand Sun of all the Natchez, together with the petty Suns, in which case the nations to a man would implicitly obey. It was agreed to keep the whole a secret from the women, not excepting the female Suns or princesses, and to be careful not to give them the least hint or suspicion of their design. The Grand Sun, or principal chief of the tribe of the Natchez, was a youth of no experience in the world, and had very little intercourse with the French; but the Sun of the Apple was, on the contrary, a wise chief and of great authority. He easily gained over the Grand Sun to favour the project.

He told him of the necessity of taking this decisive step, in order to prevent the total ruin and extirpation of his people, who otherwise would in a little time be driven from their ancient inheritance. That the plan was so well arranged, it was impossible to fail of success; and that the commandant of the fort was hated by his own people, almost as much as by themselves, and would in all probability fall an easy victim. As

long, he added, as the Grand Sun, his father, and the Stung Serpent, his uncle, lived, the commandant of the fort durst not undertake any thing against them, because the great chief of the French was their friend. But he being young and unknown would be despised; his only remedy was, to assist them in getting rid of the French, in the manner projected by the wise old men.

The Grand Sun being thus secured, the plan was agreed upon, that on the day following the petty Suns should come in the morning, as if to salute their chief, who would order them to repair to the Sun of the Apple, without explaining himself to any one. This was accordingly done, and the eloquence of the Sun of the Apple easily wrought them to his purpose. A council of Suns, and aged persons of distinction who could all be depended on, was formed; and aged warriors appointed on embassies, to bear the bundles of rods to the different nations, who were to join in the confederacy. They and the guard which accompanied them were bound by the most solemn oaths, guarantied by the punishment of death, not to disclose to any one the object of these missions. The ambassadors then proceeded on their errand, without the notice or knowledge of the French commandant, or any of his people.

But notwithstanding the profound art and secrecy with which these proceedings had been taken, they

had excited the notice, and awakened the curiosity of the female Suns or Princesses, who, by the customs of the tribe, had a right to demand to be informed of all the public affairs.

The young Grand female Sun was a girl scarcely eighteen years of age; she therefore had little experience, and took no interest in the business. But the mother of the Grand Sun was a woman of great cunning and abilities, called the Strong Arm, who had a high opinion of herself, and was offended at being kept in the dark. She accordingly sought an interview with her son, and expressed her suspicions, as well as her displeasure, at being treated like a baby, and thought unworthy of the keeping of a secret. The young chief assured her that the deputation of chiefs and nobles, was only to brighten the chain of friendship between the Natchez and some of the Indian nations who thought themselves neglected. The Strong Arm was not satisfied with this explanation, as she perceived no necessity for keeping such a measure a secret, and when, on the return of the embassies, a council was held privately, instead of in public, as was always the custom on such occasions, her indignation and curiosity became particularly troublesome. She would have broken out into open reproaches, had she not been restrained by the hope

of gaining the information she coveted, without coming to a direct quarrel with the chiefs, and thus perhaps losing all chance of getting at the secret which tormented her. But all her endeavours failed, one after another, until her vexation became extreme, and she was on the point of coming to a rupture with the chiefs, when, luckily for the French in Louisiana, she resolved on a plan for getting at the secret, which proved successful.

One day she prevailed upon her son to accompany her to a neighbouring Indian village, to visit a sick relative, and, that she might not want opportunity, led him far about through the most retired paths. On her way she took occasion to reproach him bitterly with the insulting secrecy he and the other chiefs had observed towards her, whom they had hitherto consulted on all occasions, and whose advice had often saved the nation from great perils. She insisted on her right as a princess, and more especially as his mother, to know what plan was in operation; and she added, that though she had once been the wife of a Frenchman, her own blood and colour and kindred were far dearer to her than these strangers. He need not therefore apprehend that she would ever betray him to the French, if it was, as she believed it was, against them he was plotting.

Stung with the reproaches which accompanied this harangue, the young chief replied, that it was not usual to reveal what the old men in council had once resolved upon, and that he, being the Grand Sun, the supreme chief of the nation, ought, least of all, to set a bad example in this respect. Neither his own wife nor his sisters knew what was going forward, and it was no insult to her to be kept ignorant of what none of the princesses knew.

"But since," added he evasively, "since you know the whole affair, I need not inform you any farther. You know as much as I do, and I have only to warn you to hold your tongue to the French."

The artful mother having gained the clue, then proceeded to unwind the web of secrecy, which the young man was too weak to hold fast. She was not curious, she said, to know against whom their plans were to operate. But as it was against the French, she was afraid they would not prove effectual. The French were brave and skilful and watchful; they could influence by their presents all the surrounding nations of Indians; and had resources which the red men were entirely without. She hoped that they were sufficiently guarded against all these contingencies.

The Grand Sun, being young and of little experi-

ence, and moreover anxious to prove that their plot must certainly succeed, now unwarily proceeded to detail the information she panted for. He assured her that all the nations of Louisiana approved the design, and had promised to fall on the French in their vicinity on the very same day, and at length communicated to her the secret of the bundle of rods, which was deposited in the great temple in a situation which he described. The Strong Arm being thus informed of the whole affair, which she affected highly to approve, said no more on the subject. But, from that time forward, she thought of nothing but the means of defeating this bloody conspiracy, without exposing herself, her son, and her tribe to certain destruction.

The Strong Arm had formerly been the wife of a young Frenchman, whom she loved with great ardour and constancy, and who was killed by the Natchez in revenge for the death of one of their chiefs, who was shot by a soldier of the garrison of Fort Rosalie. The Strong Arm never forgave her tribe for this: yet still she was the mother of the Grand Sun of the Natchez. The possession of the secret she had wheedled out of the weak and inexperienced young man, proved a torment to her. She loved the French, for her husband was of that nation; she hated her tribe, for they had murdered that husband; but she was the mother

of the Grand Sun, the supreme head of the nation, and it would be bringing herself and him to disgrace, if not to death, were she to disclose the scheme which was now approaching its consummation.

Hesitating between these conflicting duties and feelings, the Strong Arm, at length one day meeting a soldier of the garrison of Fort Rosalie, desired him to go and tell the commandant that the Natchez had lost their senses, and that he must be on his guard, and repair his fortifications, and by thus showing his mistrust, discourage them from taking any measures against them. The soldier went and delivered the message, but, according to the request of the Strong Arm, not as from her but himself. The *Sieur de Chopart* had such a high opinion of himself, and such a low one of his neighbours the Natchez, together with all the rest of the red men, that he treated this intimation with the most lofty contempt. He swore he would not show himself a fool and a coward, by either repairing his fort or taking any new precautions. He treated the whole affair as the idle panic of a block-head, and concluded by putting the poor soldier in irons.

The Indian princess was exceedingly mortified, as well as provoked, at the fool hardihood of the fantastic commandant, and took the first opportunity of repeat-

ing the same caution, by the mouths of some young women whom she sent for that purpose. The *Sieur de Chopart* was too gallant to put them in irons, but he snapped his fingers, cut two or three capers, and swore that he was a match for the *Grand Sun*, the *Sun of the Apple*, and all the other *Suns* in the universe. "There is nothing to fear from fellows who wear no whiskers," quoth he, as he contemplated his gallant mustaches in the glass. After this the *Strong Arm* contrived many other ways to put the commandant on his guard; but, finding his folly insuperable, and that he resented all hints, cautions and inuendoes, as insults, and clapped their authors in irons, she, as the best mode of preventing at least the entire destruction of the French in the province of Louisiana, determined on the following bold plan.

The bundle of sticks, which was to regulate the concerted movements of all the confederate nations, was carefully deposited in the great temple of the *Sun*, and it was the duty of one of the wisest of the old men to see every day that one of the sticks was withdrawn from the rest, broken, and cast away. Her design was to abstract some of the rods, and thus destroy the concert of action, by bringing on the catastrophe at *Fort Rosalie* so much sooner than elsewhere, that the other French settlements might hear of it, and take mea-

asures for their safety. The task was one of great difficulty and danger, for, beyond doubt, a discovery would lead to her utter ruin. Circumstances favoured her design. About this time happened a phenomenon that frightened the whole province, and drew the alarmed attention of the Natchez, who were even more superstitious than Indians usually are.

Every morning, for the space of eight days in succession, a loud rumbling noise was heard from the sea, as far as the Illinois. It arose in the west in the morning, and passed onward to the east; in the afternoon it was distinguished returning with incredible swiftness to the westward. It seemed equally on the land and on the water; yet there was no agitation visible on either, and a dead calm reigned all around in every direction. This mysterious noise appalled the Natchez, and there were among them more than one old man, who considered it an omen to dissuade them from any further prosecution of their design against the French. Others again insisted that it was a signal for the destruction of the white men, vouchsafed by the Great Sun as an encouragement for his people to persevere. The coincidence, accidental as it must be, of great or singular natural phenomena with great moral or political events, is one of the prime sources of superstition. The mysterious noise

was, at the end of eight days, followed by the most furious storm ever known in Louisiana. It lasted three days, and having arisen from the south west and north east, it passed over all the settlements along the Mississippi, being felt in some places, however, more than in others. Within the sweep of the hurricane, nothing was left standing, either of the work of nature or of man. The trees were torn up by the roots and shattered in pieces; the reeds, the grass, and the lowest products of the earth, were all laid flat to the ground, bruised and destroyed. Even the tremendous current of the mighty father of rivers was stayed, and his tide, turning as it were back upon itself, raised the waters upwards of fifteen feet above the ordinary flow of the sea.

The high land on which the Fort of Rosalie and the surrounding villages of the Natchez were situated, saved them from the fury of the hurricane, which, apparently being turned aside by the obstruction of the hills, passed just along the skirts of the settlements, and shook without overturning the houses. In the gloom and consternation occasioned by these awful visitations, while the fears of the Natchez occupied their whole attention, and confined them to their houses, the Strong Arm sought and found an opportunity of putting her design into execution. In

the dead of the night, when the torrent of air swept by at a little distance, mastering every thing in its course; and rocking the fragile tenements which the Natchez had erected for themselves and their gods, the Indian princess stole towards the temple where the bundle of rods was deposited. There were neither bolts nor locks, for it is only among civilized men that the abodes of the deity need such safeguards. She entered the temple where all was dark and silent, save the distant roaring of the winds, and the creaking of the edifice. She groped her way to the spot where the Grand Sun had told her the bundle of rods was placed, and, after a considerable search, at length grasped them in her hand. Hesitating for a few moments, between the desire of taking away a sufficient number to give the necessary warning to the other settlements, and the fear of leaving so few as to make the diminution apparent, she contented herself with withdrawing twelve rods, and was hastening like the wind towards the door of the temple, when her hand, not however that which held the rods, was suddenly grasped with a hard firm gripe. Not a shriek, not a word did she utter, and even the pulses of her heart were silent.

"'Tis the hand of a woman," said a voice, which the Strong Arm recognized as that of the old chief

appointed to watch the bundle of rods and break one of them each day—"Who art thou, and what brought thee here?"

The Strong Arm had taken her resolution—"I came hither," said she, "to ask of the Great Sun, the protector of the Natchez, to preserve his people and their inheritance in this hour of peril."

"Good," said the unsuspecting old man, "may the prayer of the Strong Arm be heard," and he loosed her hand, and suffered her to pass on.

The Indian princess flew like the wind to the house she inhabited alone, and threw the rods into the fire which she had kindled, where they were quickly consumed. The next day, when the old chief came to take away another rod from the bundle, he thought for a moment that it had suddenly diminished; but it was a momentary suspicion; he neglected to count those that remained, and the deed of the Strong Arm was never discovered. After this she still continued to repeat her hints and warnings to the soldiers of the garrison, who, through apprehension of being put in irons by the governor of Fort Rosalie, never delivered her messages. She went so far as to assure the sub-lieutenant that the Natchez were mad, and snuffed blood: but the infatuated *Sieur de Chopart* paid no more attention to him than to the others. On the very night

preceding the attempt of the Indians, the Sieur went on a party of pleasure with several of his officers to the grand village of the Natchez, which was at some distance from Fort Rosalie. Here he danced and sung, and played off the most gallant evolutions, insulting the Indian warriors by swearing he would one day or other drive them like a flock of wild turkeys into the reeds, and provoking the women by divers antics, and unseemly freedoms of speech as well as action. He did not return till daylight, when he received, through the agency of the Strong Arm, certain intimation of what was just about to happen.

Instead of taking the necessary precautions to avoid the catastrophe, this infatuated man, flustered with the night's debauch, committed another imprudence to consummate his list of follies. He ordered his interpreter to go forthwith to the Grand Sun, and demand of him if it was true that he intended to come at the head of his warriors and kill all the French, as he had been informed. The Grand Sun swore by the Great Serpent he had no such intention.

"I knew it," said the Sieur de Chopart, when the interpreter returned with this satisfactory reply; "I knew it, and here I swear by St. Louis, and half a hundred other saints, if necessary, I will cut off the ears of any person that from this time forward repeats such nonsense."

At length the decisive moment arrived, when the old chief informed the council that he had broken the last rod. It was on the Eve of St. Andrew, exactly one hundred years ago, that the chiefs, having gathered the stipulated tribute of corn and fowls, proceeded on their way to Fort Rosalie, as if to deliver it according to their agreement with the commandant. They found the garrison without their arms; the officers, absent from duty, carelessly strolling about; and every thing, as it were, prepared to their purpose. The *Sieur de Chopart*, to show his contempt for the Indians, as well as for the advices he had from time to time received, had encouraged a total relaxation of discipline, so that even if the plans of the Natchez had not been laid with such consummate art, and conducted with such secrecy, they could hardly have failed of complete success.

The Natchez were permitted to come into the fort, and deposit their tribute, after which they begged the loan of arms and ammunition for the great hunt they were going upon, promising to share their meat with the French when they came back. The *Sieur de Chopart* was in such good humour at the sight of the corn and fowls, that he granted their request with the best grace in the world. The Indians re-

ceived the guns, and loaded them without exciting the least suspicion.

It is a curious historical fact, that among those who engaged in this conspiracy, there was but one man that was not a chief. The whole scheme had been kept secret, not only from the women, but from the common people likewise; and the reason of this single exception was, that the chiefs had such an utter contempt for the *Sieur de Chopart*, that not one of them would condescend to kill him. They therefore armed this man with a wooden hatchet, and took him with them for the sole purpose of knocking the commandant on the head. The town and fort were now filled with Indians, with arms in their hands, thirsting for revenge, and only waiting the signal for the bloody business. The arrival of the *Grand Sun* and his party was quickly followed by the firing of three guns. This was the signal, and the answering shots from different quarters first roused the *Sieur de Chopart* to a sense of his consummate folly. Arming himself with a pair of pistols and a sword, he sallied forth upon his enemies. The Indians stood aloof, leaving him to the man with the wooden hatchet, whom the *Sieur de Chopart* kicked heels over head, with his right foot, in a twinkling. He then discharged his pistols in quick succession, bringing

two of the chiefs to the ground; after which he threw them at the heads of two others, with so good an aim, that they also bit the dust, and then rushed upon them sword in hand.

"He is worthy to die by the hand of a warrior,"—cried the Sun of the Apple, advancing upon him. A furious contest ensued, in which the *Sieur de Chopart*, being skilled in the management of the sword, would in all likelihood have come off victorious, had not the caitiff with the wooden hatchet crept behind him, and revenged the kick he had received by planting his weapon full upon the head of the *Sieur*, who fell to the earth, and was instantly despatched. His death would have more than redeemed the follies of his life, had not they proved fatal to so many of his unfortunate people. Of seven hundred persons, a few only escaped to carry the news to the commandant general at New Orleans, who repented too late of his confidence in the boastings of the *Sieur de Chopart*.

The result of the affair, however, was fatal to the *Natchez*, who, after plundering Fort Rosalie and the houses, set them on fire, leaving not a single edifice standing. The other Indian nations to whom the bundle of rods had been sent, were extremely irritated at the *Natchez*, supposing they had forwarded them for the purpose of deceiving them and making

them ridiculous. They determined therefore to revenge themselves the first opportunity. The Natchez, on the contrary, believed their allies had broken faith with them, and now merely pretended that their bundles of rods had not the same number as that of the Natchez. Thus a mutual ill will was generated; for it was never known to them how it came to pass that the confederacy failed. The Strong Arm, as may be supposed, kept her secret, and the old chief, who had encountered her in the temple during the hurricane, died in the massacre of Fort Rosalie, by the hand of the *Sieur de Chopart*. The truth therefore was never suspected, nor was the simple expedient which saved the lives, in all probability, of all the French inhabitants of Louisiana, except those of Rosalie, ever disclosed until the whole nation of the Natchez had paid the penalty of the massacre of the Eve of St. Andrew.

Monsieur Périér, governor of Louisiana, determined to make a severe example of the Natchez, and taking advantage of the misunderstanding relating to the bundle of rods, engaged the Choctaws to co-operate with him in that object. A war commenced which continued some time, until the Natchez, harassed and plundered by the Choctaws, at length retired to the other side of the Mississippi, to the

neighbourhood of Silver Creek, about two hundred miles from the Red river. Here they were at length found by Monsieur Périer and his brother, at the head of a considerable force.

They shut themselves up in the fort they had constructed, and finding at length that the French were gradually gaining ground in their approaches, they determined upon the last effort of despair. They equipped themselves in their most splendid war dresses; painted their bodies with different colours; and made their final attempt in a sally, accompanied with howlings and horrible contortions, which at first struck terror into the French soldiers. They were however eventually driven back, and confined to their fort, while the French were finishing a battery for mortars. The third discharge threw a shell which fell into the middle of the Fort, where it burst among the women and children, who set up a dismal outcry. The Indian warriors, seeing this, offered at length to capitulate. The offer was accepted, and after various attempts at delay, as well as to escape under cover of night, which succeeded with a few who joined the Chickasaws, the rest surrendered at discretion.

They were carried to New Orleans, where they were kept prisoners for a time, and afterwards sent to the king's plantation. From there, after being de-

tained some time, the governor, not knowing what else to do with them, and being unwilling either to put them to death, or let them loose again to murder his countrymen, shipped them to St. Domingo. Thus perished the Natchez, the most conspicuous and the most civilized tribe of all those found in the limits of North America. The Strong Arm was among those carried to New Orleans, where she, for the first time, related the particulars of her various warnings to the Sieur de Chopart, and of her saving the lives of all the French colonists, but those whom the commandant would not suffer to be saved, by the simple expedient of withdrawing a few sticks from a bundle of rods. She was taken care of during the rest of her life, by the governor general, and died many years afterwards, lamenting that she could not save either her husband's kindred at Rosalie, nor the kindred of her fathers at the village of the Great Sun.

SONG.

THE frolic world was all forgot,
Its laughter and its glee ;
For in the scenes where thou wert not,
I had no wish to be.
My bosom friends, and once its pride,
What were they now to me ?
I gladly turn'd from all beside,
And gave my soul to thee !

'Twas when the chain of love had wound
About this heart of mine,
And, as I fondly dream'd, had bound
It lastingly to thine :
Yes ! I had been beguiled to think
That nought could break the chain ;
But, lady, thou hast rent the link,
No more to meet again.

LADY JANE GREY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"O NOT for me, O not for me,
That fatal toy of gems and gold;
Blood on its ermine band I see,
And thorns are in its velvet fold.

"To me that glittering circlet seems
A burning ring to sear my brow;
To me that shining sceptre gleams
The axe to which we all shall bow.

"And show me not th' unjust decree
Extorted from a timid boy;
Nor deem that it can bring to me
One throb of pride, one glow of joy.



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LADY JANE GREY.

Engraved by C. Marshall R. A.

Engraved by Thos. Kelly.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"Dark visions pass before my eyes,
Prophetic warnings whisper round;
I see the sable scaffold rise,
I see our life-blood stain the ground.

"And shall not I, in that dread hour,
Confess the justice of my fate?
I, who usurp'd another's power,
I, who assumed another's state.

"Let me the shaded pathway keep,
Remote from wild ambition's glare;
Nor lead me up the dizzy steep,
For clouds and storms are gathering there."

She said, and nerved her gentle soul
To hear unmoved the syren song,
Nor let her kindred's schemes control
Her sense of right, her fear of wrong.

Their prayers th' ambitious fathers join;
Her sire, and he of haughtiest mien,
The chief of Dudley's lofty line,
Knelt at her feet and hail'd her queen.

And she, that dame of regal grace,
Proud Suffolk's duchess grasp'd her hand,
And gazed imploring, on her face,
With eyes still longing to command.

Vainly they tried each specious art,
Each sophistry of anxious zeal,
Till the young partner of her heart
Made to her love a fond appeal.

She yielded then, and who shall blame
The youthful lord's exulting tone,
When soon the herald's loud acclaim
Announced them heirs of England's throne?

Dim was their star, and short their hour,
And weak their friends, and fierce their foes;
For, captives soon to Mary's power,
The 'towers of Julius' round them rose.

She died, that glory of her age,
As never Roman heroine died;
And Britain's history has no page
More dear to British woman's pride.

TO LAURA.

BY FREDERIC S. ECKARD.

To thee, love, to thee, love,
I turn for strength and aid,
The lingering hope which now remains
In a world of toil and shade ;
Though the wasted tide of thought may bring
But sadness and regret,
There's yet a fount which is not dry,
A star that cannot set.

It is not, it is not,
That I meet a harsher strife,
Than all the busy crowds around
Who struggle on with life ;
But a worm is found within the flower,
Wrecks in the sparkling sea,
And a cloud is on this troubled soul,
Which only yields to thee.

I bless thee, I bless thee,
That though all else depart,
Thy gentle kindness still can shed
A sunshine o'er my heart ;
And since my boyhood's worship'd dreams
Are past beyond recal,
How fondly should I prize the love,
Which well atones for all !

THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

After the crucifixion of their Lord, the eleven disciples retired to one of the mountains about Jerusalem, where they remained all night. In the morning they discovered a flower before unknown to them ; which, from its singular conformation and mysterious appearance, they denominated the Passion Flower.

LETTER FROM PALESTINE.

GONE was the glory of Judea's crown,
And quench'd that promised star,
Before whose light the nations should fall down,
And worship from afar.

And night came over Judah ; deeper gloom
Shadow'd that feeble throng,
That now to Carmel, from the saviour's tomb,
Wound mournfully along.

Through the long, moonless hours they linger'd there,
Wet by the dews of even,
And, on the viewless pinions of the air,
Their prayers went up to heaven.

And ever, when the shifting breezes stir'd
The pliant boughs of palm,
Or nestled in her tree th' unquiet bird,
Breaking the midnight calm,

Their quick ears caught the melancholy sound,
And a dejected eye
Amid the deepen'd shadows wander'd round,
As if the Lord drew nigh.

And then upon their aching sense would press
That loud, unearthly cry,
Wrung from their master in his last distress
Of mortal agony.

Morn glow'd upon the mountain; strange bright
flowers,
Like diamonds chased in gold,
That ne'er before had shone in fields or bowers,
Their mystic leaves unfold.

And in each blossom, lo ! the cross appears,
The thorny coronal,
The nails, the pillar, and the Roman spears ;
A glory circling all.

Then, sacred flower ! their grief was changed to praise,
And drooping sorrow fled,
Since he who bade thee bloom, they knew, could raise
Their saviour from the dead.

Three days within the grave's unbroken gloom,
The hope of Israel slept,
Three mournful days around his guarded tomb
The holy watch was kept.

And from that hour, where'er thy buds expand,
Thou art of flowers the pride,
And, nature's witness to all time, dost stand,
Of him the crucified.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

A Septuagenarian's Story.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

My way of life
Is fallen into the sear—the yellow leaf.

SHAKESPEARE.

SWEET and joyous days of childhood! how brightly ye beam upon my soul! how pleasant it is, in the far-gone paths of life, to look back through the long vista which we have trodden, and see the gay and beautiful sun-light, breaking upon the first innocent pleasures of buoyant boyhood. Days of the heart's best feelings! when all the world, in its natural and moral relations, seemed the pure and holy sanctuary of happiness, because we beheld it only as it appeared, and being free from suspicion, knew not the error and deformity with which it was surrounded—days of ar-



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THREESCORE AND TEN.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

dent enjoyments and warm emotions! from the wintry region of Three Score and Ten, I turn again to you with a calm yet saddened feeling; for although I behold in the far retrospect, the fair sun glancing over your green fields and flowery meadows, there are barren and miry ways in the onward road of life, over which I see the dark clouds and misty haze settling in dim confusion. Yet, dreams of my boyhood! ye are welcome still; I look on you as on pleasant pictures, which, like the beautiful frescos of Herculeum, the hand of time has only mellowed, but not defaced!

Deem not this apostrophe overcoloured; the days of unhappiness which followed, have always thrown my infancy into an agreeable contrast, and made it appear brighter to me than it might have done to an uninterested spectator. Be this as it may, it certainly was a season of enjoyment. As far as circumstances were concerned, I had every chance of happiness. I was a wild, romantic boy, and enthusiastic in my love of nature and her works. To be rambling among the picturesque scenery of my native Susquehanna was my delight. The mountain and the rock, the waterfall and the song of the forest bird, were the objects of my daily and devoted attachment. I made them my dearest, I had almost said, my only friends,

and, while exploring the first or listening to the latter, I found myself forgetful alike of the past and the future, in the intense interest they excited. The river, too, was another frequent scene of my exercises, and I took no little pride in showing the dexterity with which I could steer my canoe among the rapids of the noble stream. They thought me, and called me an idle boy, and, in respect to any regular course of duties, I was such; for although my life was one of almost constant activity, it was nevertheless an erratic and uncertain one, and tended very much to unfit me for my future intercourse with the world. It wrought in me an overstrained sensibility, a love for things which the world loved not, a fondness for pursuits which were incompatible with the interests of one, whose destiny it was to 'mix with his kind.' I knew not this at the moment, and could not understand the arguments which were used to win me from my mountain solitudes. I thought it sufficient for me to know, when I breathed the pure morning air on the flowery hill-top, that I drank in happiness with every inspiration, and my unsophisticated heart little dreamed of the influence it would have upon the days that were yet to come.

As I advanced into manhood, I began to discover this secret. The mists of enchantment with which I

had been surrounded, gradually dispersed, and developed to me the world in the rugged garb of truth.

How unwelcome such a development was to my warm imagination I need not say. I found myself obliged to school my heart and my feelings to a new discipline, to forget my youthful ecstasies as a rover of the hills, and to turn my attention, however unwillingly, to the less exciting and more homely realities of life. All this I found myself obliged to do, and all this I did; but the influence of early impressions on my life and character I have never been able entirely to overcome.

It is not my intention to enter into a detailed history of the events that followed my wild boyhood; my object is merely to give a few passages that occurred at a later period, in a life much chequered with vicissitudes, and marked by almost every change of good and evil fortune. If I can excite any interest in the circumstances I am about to relate, it is as much as I can hope for at Three Score and Ten!

About the age of forty, I found myself the inhabitant of a pretty little cottage on the bank of the Codorus. I could not overcome my love for the country, and had therefore, many years before, planted myself on this spot, where, with the beauties of nature around me, I contented myself with the cultiva-

tion of a few acres, which, to my unambitious views, were sufficient for the purposes of an honest and respectable living. I had married at twenty-five; the dreams of love and the sweet realities of conjugal felicity had been mine, and with the ardent temperament I possessed, I enjoyed them to their full extent. But, like most of the glimpses of happiness we obtain in this world, they were too bright and beautiful to endure, and in three short and rapid years I was separated for ever from the gentle being I had most loved and cherished. I had one child—but one, a fair girl with just such a face as a painter would make his study; a dark, lustrous eye, beaming with spirit, features of the most regular and perfect symmetry, a mouth so full of love that you seemed completely tempted to a kiss, cheeks where the white and red were most lusciously blended, and forehead of the truest proportion, over which and her fair shoulders the luxuriant dark hair fell in careless yet graceful curls. Blame me not that I am lavish in praise when I recur to the infancy of my sweet child, for she was the best solace I had, when the world had been rendered dark to me by sorrow.

She grew up in beauty, and, with the steady grace of approaching womanhood, was even thus at the moment of which I speak. With how much love and pride

did my heart beat, when I looked upon her! She had been the fond companion of all my gay and my solitary hours since her blessed mother's departure, and I could not behold the frequent admiration which she attracted, without a slight feeling of jealousy, mingled with my paternal pleasure. I feared lest she should be won away from the happy rest where I had so long nurtured her, and merge the affection of a daughter in the more impetuous feelings of love. Young as she was, and too young I thought for the boisterous ocean of the world, I perceived I had some cause for the fears I had fostered. There was one, who had looked on her with an eye which too plainly spoke the language of his heart. He was a youth whom I respected, and indeed loved, but he was as yet little more than a boy, an ardent boy, who had given his whole soul up to affection, and, thoughtless of the future, knew nothing of the gall and wormwood that are mingled in the draught of life. I discouraged their intercourse, and both parties, aware of my objections, evaded observation. Young love will find out a way to achieve its purposes, and the more they are opposed, the more will it endeavour to accomplish them. It was thus that my very care to prevent them, only hastened the consequences I had apprehended. They met by stealth in the woods

and the ravines, and, ere I was aware, their solemn vows were plighted before the attesting face of heaven. I knew not even this until it was too late, and the first intimation I had of the event, was in the palpable fact, that my daughter was a fugitive from her father's house.

My distress was extravagant. With that want of command which the habits of my early life had occasioned, I gave myself up to every feeling of regret and desperation. I alternately reproached myself and her, charged her with the basest ingratitude, and, much as I still loved her, determined never to see her more. Circumstances soon conspired in some degree to assist my resolution.

I have said that my cottage was on the bank of the Codorus. It was a beautiful spot, abounding in the wild and romantic features of nature, and yet in as high a state of cultivation as the most experienced husbandman could desire. The river rolled its murmuring waters along almost at my very door, and, although a very brook in comparison with some of the magnificent streams of our country, was amply sufficient for the various purposes of housewifery and tillage. A neat lawn and garden extended in the rear of my domicile, and the woodland which stretched along the

boundary of my little tract protected it from the influence of the bleak northern winds.

The Codorus, like many other streams of the same character, is, at certain seasons of the year, peculiarly liable to sudden freshets, which transform the gentle and lamb-like rivulet into a furious and raging flood, carrying death and desolation in its progress. It was in the spring, immediately after the unhappy flight of my daughter, that an event of this kind occurred, which not only gave a fearful exhibition of the power of the elements, but also had an important bearing on the future course of my life.

About the sunset of one of the mildest days of the season, a horseman was seen spurring his foaming steed furiously down the course of the river, stopping a moment at each cottage as he passed, and then flying on with the rapidity of one who bears a message of immediate and important interest. His was of no little concern. He had mounted in hot haste, and outridden the flood, to give warning of its approach, and to admonish those who inhabited that district, to flee from its threatened irruption. Like the fiery cross among the hills of Scotland, the information spread from house to house, and from village to village with incredible celerity. Every one started up in alarm, but none believed the

story of danger; and though all looked wildly on the speaker at the first admonition, yet each, as he glanced at the river still flowing by in all gentleness, threw off his momentary apprehension, and relapsed into his accustomed security. On this occasion I partook of the common feeling, and the kind messenger who had taken on himself the wearisome duty of announcing the coming deluge, was looked upon as one labouring under the excitement of an over heated imagination. For myself, I even laughed at the idea, and with the calmness of one who has been threatened with an impossibility, sat down to some domestic occupation, with which I was accustomed to while away my solitary evenings. The night had now nearly set in, and the last rays of twilight were hovering in mist upon the earth. A soft distant sound, like the rushing of the wind through a forest, attracted my attention. I threw down my work and listened with eager interest. The noise grew gradually louder, until at length it became like the roar of a far-off water-fall. The thought struck me on the instant, that this was the approaching flood; I was dumb through the effect of terror and amazement; I rushed from the house, and mounting an elevated spot at some little distance, by the dim day-light that remained, I watched the fearful advent. It came; the quiet, rippling

brook, changed into a roaring torrent, rushed with wild and headlong fury over every object that opposed its passage, 'as if to sweep down all things in its track.' Strong and lofty trees, that had stood many summers in their glory, bowed before its superior might. Cattle and cottages, and, in many instances, even their inhabitants were borne away together, and blended in one indiscriminate ruin. The mountain torrents had let loose their fountains on the hills, and the spirit of desolation was riding abroad on the waves. I stood unmoved, and saw the deluge come down in its terrible grandeur; I saw all that I possessed on earth, hearth and home, swept from before me; and when the darkness of night had settled on the landscape, I found myself reduced to the condition of a houseless, unsheltered wanderer.

I must not render a simple story tedious. What could I do? my ties to house and country were gone, and I abandoned both. I repressed my natural pride, and, by humble occupations in a foreign soil, I sought to retrieve my ruined fortunes. In this I was successful; and after twenty years of voluntary exile, I embarked once more for my native land. Many as had been my misfortunes in the place of my birth, through all my tedious wanderings it had been the pole star of my hopes, and I still cherished the fond

idea, that if ever fortune deigned to smile on me again, I should return to the scenes of my childhood, and pass among them the quiet evening of my days. The fond wish, the treasured hope, seemed now about to be realized. But that uncertainty which marks all human enjoyments, was illustrated in this anticipation. After nearly completing a highly prosperous and agreeable voyage, when about to hail my country with renewed means of comfort and repose, a disastrous shipwreck despoiled me of all my hard-earned acquisitions, and made me again a stranger and a wanderer in my native land, a debtor to charity even for the garments which I wore.

I hastened to the scenes of my boyhood to pour out among them an old man's bitter, heart-broken tears. I saw the mountains rise in their glory, just as they did when I was like a bird among them, and the mighty waters of the noble Susquehanna still rushed along their accustomed channel, undiminished and untiring, as if they were destined to flow for ever. All nature was still in its pristine vigour and beauty, man only had faded from his original freshness. I remembered, with a sad pleasure, the happy times when I had sported among those hills, and I wished I were again a boy, that I might enjoy the pure feelings, the unalloyed gaiety, the sweet repose, which,

when once relinquished with the light hearted laugh of childhood, are never afterwards recovered.

It was in the heat of a warm summer's day that I stopped at the door of a cottage to solicit a draught of milk. It was a pleasant retreat, beautifully shaded with vines and noble forest trees, and gave evidence of much neatness and comfort within. Three lovely children were playing about the door, and called the attention of their mother as I approached. She met me with a smile of benevolence, and after listening to my simple request, gave me a chair in the cottage, and placed before me the best fare of her dairy. I was pleased with the whole appearance of the family, not only on account of their good looks, but that neatness and respectability which can only arise from good management on the part of the mother. I know not how it was, but I felt more than usually interested in the group before me. While I was enjoying my simple meal, rendered doubly welcome by a long and wearisome journey, the mother, addressing her eldest son, a fine generous looking boy of fourteen or fifteen, by the name of Hazlewood, desired him to carry a message to his father in the field. I looked up and started; it was my own name! A thousand thoughts rushed through my mind at once. Could it be possible? And yet I almost feared to

indulge the hope. Time had so changed her appearance, I could not say whether it was my Mary that stood before me or not. I asked a few hurried questions. Every succeeding answer tended more and more to satisfy my agitated feelings, until at last I was sure, perfectly sure, that I held my own beautiful, beloved child once more to her father's heart. At length her husband entered, and welcomed me with the affection of a worthy and a dutiful son. All that had passed was forgotten and forgiven in the joy of this happy meeting; the rash and wilful lovers, now more sober and thoughtful amid the cares of a rising family, were willing to acknowledge their youthful indiscretion, while I in turn was well satisfied to consider my angry resolution, 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.' Ten years have now passed away since I first sat down under my daughter's roof, and, always excepting the merry days of boyhood, they are probably the happiest that have fallen to my lot, inasmuch as they have been made up of peace and quiet, ingredients which have more to do than many seem to be aware of with the sum total of human happiness.

PERICLES.

When the family and friends of Pericles were dead, and he was himself persecuted by the Athenians, he bore it all with iron firmness ; till at the burial of the last of his sons, he burst into tears, while attempting to place a funeral garland over the dead.

STRANGER.

“ Who are these, with mournful tread,
Bearing out the youthful dead ?
And who is he ? the crowds retire
Before his eye's commanding fire ;
The lines of age are in his face,
But time bends not his martial grace,
Nor sorrow bows his head ;
And while the maddening throng condemn,
He hath not e'en a thought for them,
His soul is with the dead ! ”

ATHENIAN.

"Stranger! 'twould fire my aged cheek
That deeply injured name to speak!
'Twas once the Athenian's breath of life,
The watchword of the reddest strife;
For when he led the marshal'd brave,
His galley rode the foremost wave,
And when the thundering shock began,
His sword was blazing in the van.

"Who hath not seen the stormy crowd
Before his mild persuasion bow'd,
Or still with awe, as o'er them pass'd
His burning accents fierce and fast?
Like the breeze the forest bending,
Lightly in its evening play;
Like the storm the mountain rending,
Hurrying on its whirlwind way.
He told the funeral praise of those
Who fell before our Saurian foes,
And made our hearts with rapture swell
That Athens triumph'd when they fell;
But when he changed the magic scene,
And show'd them on the crimson'd green,

Fallen in the morning of their years,
We wept for those ill-fated men,
And knew not which was mightiest then,
The glory or the tears.

“Look! within that marble court,
Where the sparkling fount is playing,
See the youth in careless sport,
Each his mimic fleet arraying!
There the yellow sunbeams fall
Through the garden's wreathed wall,
Where fruit groves, faint with sweetness, lean
Their heavy folds of tender green,
In which yon mansion's turrets sleep,
Like sunny islands in the deep.
These courts are mine! and but for him,
My blood had dyed that fountain's brim,
And cold and blacken'd ruins press'd
The spot so peaceful, calm, and blest.

“Look round on many a roof, excelling
The splendour of a royal dwelling;
Mark those trees, in shady ranks
Climbing up the marble banks

To where yon dark hill towers!
There Athens, in victorious pride,
Surveys afar on every side,
Her wide extending powers.
Look! for my aged eyes are dim!
Each tower and temple tells of him,
Whose might the radiant marble threw
Against the heaven's transparent blue;
High over all, a pearly crown,
The Parthenon looks calmly down,
Like our own goddess, from the head
Of Jove in youth immortal springing;
A gentle grace is round it shed,
Far, far abroad its brightness flinging;
The many colour'd tints of day
Around its portals love to play,
And gild its columns, light and proud,
As glories from an evening cloud.

“ Go to the battle's stormy plain,
Where changing squadrons charge again,
And read the war cry on their lips!
Or go to Athens' thousand ships,
And ask what name of power presides
Above the warfare of the tides!

And when the harp of after days
Is ringing high with sounds of praise,
Go! learn what name has longest hung
Upon the true Athenian's tongue."

STRANGER.

"Injured old man! and can it be
That Athens hath rewarded thee,
By striving, with ungenerous aim,
To change thy glory into shame!"

ATHENIAN.

"Death struck the dearest from his side,
Till none were left but one;
And now he mourns that only pride,
His last surviving son!
He kept the sternness of his heart,
The lightning of his eye;
But death hath struck the tenderest part,
And he begins to die.
He hath none left to bear disgrace—"

STRANGER.

"Oh! may it fall on Athens' race!
May they go down to well earn'd graves,
Like thankless and dishonour'd slaves!

H

How many a time, in future years,
Shall they recall, with hopeless tears,
That glorious day's departed sun,
When Athens and renown were one.
Then the Greek maid will fain discover
Thy spirit in her youthful lover ;
The matron press her infant's charms
With warmer rapture in her arms,
When breathing prayers that she may see
Her darling child resembling thee !"

The hero by the burial stands,
With head declined and folded hands !
But when he vainly tries to spread
The garland on that marble head,
One burst of grief, with desperate start,
Springs upwards from his breaking heart.
'Tis but one moment—and 'tis past ;
That moment's weakness is the last,
His eye no more is dim !
But many a tear of blood shall fall
Within the guilty city's wall,
When Athens weeps for him !

A DAY IN NEW YORK A CENTURY SINCE.

I tell

Of ancient deeds now long forgot ;
Of feuds, whose memory is not ;
Of manners long since changed and gone ;
Of chiefs who under their gray stone
So long have slept, that fickle fame
Hath blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
Her fading wreath.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

ONE morning early in April 1730, a cumbrous English built coach turned into the broad street and rolled heavily onward, splashing the muddy water far and wide, which meandered along the kennel, occupying the middle of the street, until it drew up

before a large house fronted with Holland bricks. The coach was emblazoned with a coat of arms of goodly size, surmounted with a crest representing a flaming castle, and a motto eloquently addressed to all earth's vain possessions, *Tandem vincitur*. A portly negro sat upon the box, dressed in a livery of pale blue cloth laced with silver; upon his head was a triangular cocked hat with an edging of broad silver lace. A well grown negro boy hung by the tassels behind, attired in the same livery, but wearing, instead of the hat, a jockey cap of Turkey leather with silver seams and band. Within the carriage sat a lady, whose features were concealed by the black velvet riding mask universally worn by the belles at that period. Her dress was in accordance with the latest fashions of the day—a sacque of spring chintz of a delicate pattern, a taffeta scarf, and a coiffure of the simplest form of those elaborate structures which were then in vogue—marking by its simplicity the youthfulness of the wearer.

The house at which this young lady now alighted, stood upon the site not many years since occupied by a broad white house, standing back from the street; with a parterre in front, guarded by a railing through which might be seen knots of sickly annual flowers, whose gaudy tinges were oftentimes dimmed by the

dust, but which, to a lover of Flora's treasures, always seemed like a little oasis in the hot and shadeless desert. This garden was a modern improvement. At the period of my story the white house formed the rear building of a large outspreading edifice, which opened on the street, with the unwonted luxury of a flagging in front; for in those days the foot walks of the good city presented a pavement of little rounded stones, carefully swept, so that the foot received all the effect which such an agreeable path-way was calculated to produce. This building had an extended front surmounted by three peaked gables, finished at the edges with coping stones placed stepwise; the door of entrance was in the centre; on the right was a large 'store,' one branch of the multifarious avocations of the patrician proprietor of the mansion being mercantile; apartments above the store were likewise devoted to business, in the shape of extensive law offices, for the whole establishment was the abode of the most distinguished legal character of the province—in the language of an historian of that time, 'at the head of his profession for sagacity and penetration,' to which another honest chronicler adds, equally to his honour, 'with his knowledge he was ready and communicative, and having, by candid practice and ingenious industry and diligence, ac-

quired a great estate in his latter years, he remained a generous source of instruction for the advantage of younger practitioners, and many others.'

But before we introduce our young guest to the family of this honourable member of his majesty's council for the provinces of New York and New Jersey, I must, for the credit of provincial splendour, add of this house, that it contained apartments innumerable, sumptuously furnished in all the pomp of that period. There were the great dining room, and the lesser dining room, the room hung with blue and gold leather, the green and gold room, the little front parlour, and the little back parlour, and the great tapestry room above stairs; besides red rooms, and green rooms, and chintz rooms, up stairs and down; and mirrors with marble tables under them; and damask hangings; and costly carpets; and buffets set off with massy silver plate. Adjoining this dwelling there was a large garden, running back for a considerable distance, and extending on one side to the Jew's alley, now Mill street. And here, in their proper seasons, might be found, in great profusion, the favourite flowers of our ancestors—*paus bloemies* of all hues, and *laylocks* and tall May roses and snowballs, intermixed with choice vegetables and herbs for pharmacy; all bounded and hemmed in by huge

rows of neatly clipped box-edgings. And now, reader, that we are in the garden, let me indulge in describing a large summer house which stood there, or rather, in recording the purpose to which this summer house was devoted. Accomplishments will be fashionable wherever there are young ladies at leisure to acquire them; but the kind will vary with the varying tastes of fashion. Now a days, performing on the piano, the harp or the guitar, reciting French, singing Italian, or speaking Spanish, things that will make a noise and tell in society, are in vogue: then embroidery and tapestry works, all that the needle's skill could achieve, were the rage. Which was the more intellectual I will not say; but it must be conceded that when the noise is over, in these our days, there is an end of the affair; whereas, our fair grandmothers' handy works still exist in many a tent-stitch hanging, or huge fire screen, or embroidered chair cushion,—cherished relics which are even yet the pride of some out of the way antique mansions. But to return.

The last annual arrival from the mother country had brought a new accomplishment to the ladies of the province, to be acquired from the instructions of 'Mrs. Bevans, teacher of wax work.' And this building, detached from the intrusive curiosity of the children and servants, was devoted, by the older

daughters of the house, to the formation of a magnificent cabinet of fruits. A large mahogany case had been prepared, in which was firmly planted an artificial tree, with branches spreading out on all sides ; and this tree was now in the process of being loaded with fruits of every clime and season. There were

‘The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,’

as the poet hath it, and peaches with cheeks like a Broadway belle, plums with the soft blue unbrushed, grapes in tempting bunches, strawberries seemingly redolent with dewy ripeness, shining blackberries, and varnished cherries, and many more which, my venerable godmother used to tell me, made the mouth water to look at them. And I put it in all courtesy to the fair aspirants to distinction of the present day, if a cabinet of this description, barring the tree, with its contents scientifically arranged, would not look as pretty, and be as useful an ornament to a boudoir, as a collection of minerals with their crabbed names. A Pomona Cabinet !—it would sound well, and sound goes a great way now a days.

But where is the young lady all this time ?

She has alighted, and has been ushered into the small back parlour, the sanctum sanctorum of the mistress of the mansion. The windows of this room looked into a little court, and opposite to them was a sashed

door; the walls were hung with portraits, and in the corners were buffets, gay with china nondescripts, according to the taste of that day. The lady who received the beautiful visitant was a comely matron of middle age, with a clear gray eye, full of sagacity and penetration. She was attired in a rich dark padousuay silk, with cap, kerchief and apron of snowy lawn, and sat in a broad high backed arm-chair, covered with yellow leather. Upon a little shelf at her elbow, with hinges like the leaf of a table, so that it could be put up or let to hang down against the wainscot at pleasure, lay the knitting work, which she had just put aside, with its gorgeous equipage of chased gold; and a large and richly wrought snuff-box of the same metal. From a brass hook, just over the shelf, hung an enormous gold watch, suspended by a massive chain richly chased and decked with curiously wrought ornaments; a large coat of arms was engraved upon its wide back, in which was conspicuously emblazoned the earl's coronet, then in abeyance in the family. Two or three ladies were seated in conversation with the dignified hostess, each wrapped in an ample satin cardinal, with the powder and patches and lappets and trimmings that belonged to the genteelest costume of a lady in the reign of George II. There was evidently a discussion of great interest

going forward, which seemed differently to affect the different individuals of the group; for while exultation lurked in the smile of one, and envy clouded the brow of another, the silent but emphatic inhalation of a pinch of snuff spoke the proud disdain which the lips of the hostess did not care to express. With some habitual stateliness of manner, mixed with her kindness, she now accorded a reception to our young lady.

But what business has this maiden amidst this conclave of matrons? Not any that I know of, gentle reader, nor any of which she or her hostess knew; so that to ring the bell, and to desire the footman to conduct the youthful visitant to another parlour, where the younger members of the family held their levee, was an arrangement equally satisfactory to all concerned; although the matter was done with somewhat more ceremony and politesse, than I have used in bringing it about.

There was a much larger circle in this second audience chamber: girls whose mammas were closeted together in the room we have just left, and others who had stepped in to talk over the same interesting news.

As the door opened, one of the young guests was speaking with so much energy as to be unconscious

of the entrance of another auditor. "Every one thinks," pursued this speaker, "that Mrs. Compton's success will encourage others to persevere in their schemes. All who know that proud family, are aware that the daughter of the chief justice thinks herself entitled to look as high as any governor's daughter in the colonies; and although the captain be only the son of a knighted admiral, yet as Sir John Herbert is first in command in his majesty's fleet, those whigs will hold that to be a more honourable station than even the Duke's, which is certainly the first office in the royal household. If Isabel Morton"—The eye of the speaker quailed, and her cheek blanched, as she now, for the first time, met the calm proud gaze of the beautiful, but evidently unwelcome, apparition that stood before her.

There was a pause.

"If Isabel Morton"—at length reiterated the stranger; "what was Miss Bertie about to observe of Isabel Morton?"

"Nothing, nothing," hastily replied the other with a sort of hysterical laugh; "we were talking of this runaway match of Ellinor Compton's, and I thought, that is, I was saying that it is thought, that Lord Augustus Fitzroy is not the only one of his majesty's navy, who comes to look for a wife in the colonies."

"And what has this to do with your observation respecting Isabel Morton?" demanded the queen-like beauty, with an air rising into loftiness, as she kept her eye steadily fixed on the speaker. "Why, you know," answered the other, still more abashed, "that we all see to whom captain Herbert is so much devoted."

"I will not affect to misunderstand your meaning," returned Isabel Morton, with an air, severe in youthful dignity. "But I hope there is not in this circle—nay, that in all these broad provinces, there may not be found another daughter, who would meanly steal into the family, even of a duke, or another mother who could basely connive at such an act. At least, that mother is not mine—such daughter am not I."

Then turning with unmoved self possession to the young hostess of the circle, her haughty bearing disappeared before the bland smiles with which she met the greetings of her friend.

When Miss Acton had duly seated her visitant, the conversation which this awkward parlance had stilled, began gradually to revive. The stolen marriage of the governor's daughter was still the theme; for it was not in nature, that a bevy of girls could be together the very day on which such an event, in their own exclusive circle, had transpired, and talk or think of aught else. Parties ran high in those days.

Higher than they have ever done since, if we may judge from the language and transactions of the times. And even the gentlest and the fairest were excited by the petty politics of the province. But when to political transactions, was added a grand domestic triumph of the governor's party, what wonder that there should be looks of exultation or dismay, on many a fair face.

There was whiggism in the soft hazel eye of Miss Acton, so she felt with her friend; nor did she care to stifle her indignation at the meanness of the maneuvering on the part of the governor and his lady, which, after successfully entrapping a youth of noble birth, could lead them to cast into prison the clergyman who performed the clandestine ceremony.

Miss Bertie found her tory spirit quail so much before the eye of Isabel Morton, that she was fain to leave the conversation with Misses Campbell and Damer; and from the extenuations of the one, and the accusations of the other, might be gathered all the history of this momentous affair. It seems that the fair bride was very young; but on the arrival of the lordly sailor, her wary mother had brought her from the nursery, and introduced her at the public assemblies.

"Yes," cried Miss Damer, "and it was well known how deeply he fell in love, the very first time she ap-

peared—for he slyly cut off the leading strings attached to her dress that night, to show that it was her first appearance, and sent them to her the next morning, as a hint that she was now a child no longer. A piece of gallantry with which her mother had certainly nothing to do.”

“I cannot discover,” replied Miss Campbell, “how the sailor frolic of cutting off a young lady’s leading strings, could have led to all this, if the circumstance had not set the mother upon plotting.”

“Plotting!” returned the other; “why, Mrs. Compton never left the nursery last night,—she told mamma so herself this morning; for one of the children was ill, and she and the nurses were all occupied with it. And every body knows that the governor was nearly all night at the club. And so the fort happened to be left particularly unguarded.”

“Unguarded!” interrupted Miss Campbell, “yes, Mrs. Compton took good care of that. She connived at the sentinels becoming intoxicated, and locked the doors leading from the servants’ offices; so that lord Augustus and the poor parson had a clear field to scale the walls. It is even said that she threw her own cloak around Ellinor, to keep her from taking cold in the night air, as she accompanied her lover to the chapel.”

"Well, well," rejoined Miss Damer, "at all events you must allow that the governor knew nothing about it. For when he returned to the fort, and learned how matters were, he immediately caused the parson to be taken into custody."

"When he returned!" again reiterated the other. "Why did he keep the club drinking and carousing until morning, but to be out of the way till all was over. And then, the poor parson's arrest, what is it but a cloak—and somewhat of the flimsiest too—to screen himself from the expected, and justly merited rage of lord Augustus's father, the powerful duke of Grafton?"

"Elizabeth," whispered Isabel Morton to her young friend, while this discourse was going forward, "I have an errand to your father, may I seek him?"

"Nay, do not think it necessary to accompany me," she continued, seeing Miss Acton about to rise. Then with a smile she added, "You must remain with your guests, if only to rescue your friend from their charitable strictures."

The first impulse seemed to be to steal away from the circle unperceived; but this momentary diffidence was conquered; and with stately step, and formal leave taking, she passed to the door, darting, for an instant, a glance at Miss Bertie that operated as a quietus

for the rest of the visit; for there was that in the full noble eye of Isabel Morton, which was far more than sufficient to awe into silence the chattering propensities of a silly girl.

Isabel Morton was now to seek a different department of this spacious mansion. Sending the footman, who was in attendance in the hall, before her, to request an audience, she ascended to the chambers of Mr. Acton.

Passing the rooms of office where the clerks were assembled, she was ushered into the private library of the councillor. A large square room, well lighted, was filled with shelves groaning beneath the weight of ponderous folios. The literary taste of the proprietor was apparent in the selection of these works: there might be seen the writings of Milton and Bacon, of Dryden and Newton, of all those mighty minds who looked most profoundly into the depths of philosophy, or soared with loftiest flight into the regions of imagination.

The honourable Mr. Acton, who now advanced to meet the young Isabel, was a portly, well looking man, with enough of the Scottish physiognomy to indicate the country from which he had drawn his birth; the gentlemanly breeding conspicuous in his bearing was also tinged with the manners of that far land, the rugged mother of many a wise and

valiant son. Adventurers in every cause were met together in these new climes. And among the many exiles of chivalrous loyalty in the followers of the unfortunate house of Stuart in 1715, was James Acton. His talents and education soon extricated him from the wreck of his fortunes in the Jacobite cause; and a judicious and happy marriage in the province, and an industrious application of his native and acquired advantages, had already elevated him to a station in his new country, scarcely inferior to that in which he moved in the land of his birth. But it is hardly necessary to add, of one so adverse to the House of Hanover, that no love of the measures of the court party distinguished this member of the king's council.

The court, or rather the government faction, in the province of New York, had, at the period of which I write, rendered itself odious by unjust and tyrannical acts, by peculation and mercenary exactions; until it became necessary, in the eyes of the leading men of the popular party, to carry their remonstrances to the throne of their monarch. Something of the kind was now in agitation, and the leader of this party had sent his daughter to his friend and coadjutor, on an embassy of importance.

A communication from colonel Morton was apparently expected, for Mr. Acton had been employed in

preparing papers and sealing packages of an important and confidential nature; but so young, and, from her sex, so unusual a messenger seemed to cause some surprise and hesitation on the part of the grave politician. Ignorant how far she had been entrusted, the wary Scotchman opened the conversation in the customary phrases of polite inquiry after her parents and family. But Isabel Morton, excited by the occurrences of the day, and perhaps also, by secret feelings of interest belonging to her own circumstances, was in no mood to waste further time in idle observances. Advancing to the table, as if prepared to receive the packages displayed there, she hastily announced her mission to Mr. Acton, and added the information of her father's purposed embarkation, that very night, on a voyage for England.

"So soon!" exclaimed Mr. Acton. "This is indeed fortunate. We feared he could not so speedily find a ship."

"When he parted from you, sir, and his other friends this morning," replied the daughter, "and left the legislative assembly, after obtaining permission to go home, he learned this marriage of governor Compton's daughter; and it appears to him important that he should depart instantly to prefer the complaints, lest the lord chamberlain should deem it

politic to make the best of his son's marriage, and uphold the father-in-law in his government."

"Right, right," returned Mr. Acton: "but how will he depart, and with all the secrecy so necessary to prevent a prohibition of his absence from his duties? Is there a vessel to sail from the Jerseys?" Then with a smile he added, "It was from there he decided to depart, when he practised that equivocal of 'home,' to obtain a permission which would else have been refused."

"He does not sail from Amboy," rejoined Miss Morton; "he will not even visit Shrewsbury or Tilton. He will depart from West Chester in the *Tartar*," and the eloquent blood mantled to her forehead as she spoke; "Captain Herbert has permission to return, and it is but hastening the voyage somewhat. The frigate has already dropped off into the East river, she passes the Hell-gat with this tide, and to-night proceeds on her voyage up the sound."

"Young lady," returned the man of law with a look of approbation, "certain writings which your father and that young man have employed me to draw up, inform me well, how much, in this arrangement, you have made your own plans and wishes subservient to your father's convenience. And I trust the issue will enable me to add, to your country's advantage."

A deeper blush now dyed the cheek of Isabel, and she hastily averted her head. Yet it could not have been to hide a starting tear; for, in an instant, she turned again with placid front to the councillor, to receive the documents he placed in her hands. And then, with a mixture of fatherly kindness and admiring courtesy, he conducted his fair visitant to her carriage.

The riding mask was resumed, and the carriage again rolled heavily on, winding its way through 'Petticoat lane,' and emerging into the Broadway just by the fort. There was seen an unusual hurrying to and fro of officers and courtiers, as the adherents of the governor were styled, in mimicry of the etiquette of the palace at home; and here and there a lady, with pinners and lappets flying in the gale, like a vessel with all sails set, bore down towards the fort in gallant trim, eager to offer her congratulations to the lady mother of a youth, whose father was not only the highest peer of the realm, but also the first officer of the royal court. The importance of colonel Morton in the colony, even in this time of triumph, extorted from some of these a bow or a courtesy, as his carriage passed on; but these were stolen obeisances, not meant to be seen by the residents of fort George. Ere the coach, however, had proceeded any great distance in this

direction, it was stopped by one who seemed fearless of government wrath; if we might judge from the animated gestures and radiant eye of the individual who presented himself at one of the doors. He was in the very prime of manhood, wearing the usual badges of naval uniform, and displaying an aspect alike calculated to awaken love in the heart of beauty, and strike fear into the bosom of a foe.

"My Isabel! for one moment let me detain you," spoke the sailor, "have you seen your brother Robert? Oh! let me, from your own generous lips, learn your consent to the request he promised me to urge."

"My brother is much occupied in arrangements for my father's departure," evasively returned the young lady, in a subdued voice.

"He has not said it then! Let me in," impetuously exclaimed the youth, seizing the handle of the door. "Nay, nay, dear Isabel, I must be heard."

"Not now, not now," whispered the agitated girl, "this place is too public, we are observed."

"A fico for all prying gossips! I beseech you, Isabel, my love, allow me a moment's converse."

"Indeed, dear Herbert, this is no time; you are delaying me when minutes are so precious, and I must hasten to my father."

"There is still time," interrupted the eager lover;

"my barge is at hand, I can be on board in an instant, and this fresh wind will take us through the Hell-gat famously, if we get under weigh even later than I shall detain you, dearest; and as for your father, I know that he is still closeted with Rip Van Dam and Smith and the others. Will Isabel still refuse me?"

His imploring looks and language were in truth very persuasive, and I know not how the lady might have answered, had not her eye caught a group of females, issuing from an outlet of Broad street. The sight seemed to steel her heart to her lover's entreaties, and she hastily cried—

"Dear Herbert, leave me now, I shall see you this evening at West Chester; until then, farewell."

"Farewell, then, till evening, sweetest; and may my peerless Isabel be more propitious to the suit I shall then urge, than she has been to these entreaties."

He lingered, then broke out with fervour, "Isabel, Isabel, your own heart must tell you what I wish, and to that dear heart I now trust for happiness."

The signal had been given to drive on, and the agitated girl found relief in the indulgence of a burst of tears; but the weakness was only momentary. The equipage soon reached the door of Mr. Van Dam, the president of the king's council.

A short, good-humoured looking dame, with round black eyes that twinkled affectionately as she peered into the carriage, now presented herself at the opened door. Her high-heeled shoes were heard pattering on the wooden *stoop*, and her gold laced velvet hood and lappets were fluttering in the wind, as she officiously bustled about to receive her young and favourite guest. The parlour door stood open, and she was welcoming in our Isabel with much kind hospitality, when another door opened; for other eyes had marked the arrival of the coach.

Two gentlemen appeared. The one was tall and graceful, with the same full blue eye and noble brow that gave such majesty to the looks of the youthful Isabel Morton; there was too, the same clear skin, but the snowy hue of Isabel was burnt in the other to a manlier tinge; and in her face the high aquiline nose bore softer proportions, and the redundant sunny hair was unthinned and unsprinkled with the silver stains of age. The other was a short, hale looking man, with a low forehead seamed with wrinkles, and a black peaked beard, wearing the broad Flemish ruff, with a rich jerkin, and the wide trunk hose and laced boots of Holland. At least, such is the costume in which he figures in a smoke dimmed portrait, the

property of an ancient friend of my before mentioned venerable godmother.

"My daughter!" said the former of these gentlemen, "our friend Mr. Van Dam and myself have awaited those papers you were to have obtained from Mr. Acton. Ha! this is well. Mr. Van Dam, this document completes the evidence of Compton's arbitrary destruction of the Albany deeds; these are the proofs of bribery and extortion in the cases of — ; but we will return to your office, if you please."

The sensibilities of Isabel Morton were feelingly awake to kindness; nor was she habitually disposed to indulge in any fastidious analysis of the capacity or refinement of those who rendered her such acts. To the lady with whom she was now associated, were particularly due, respect for genuine worth, and gratitude for a long series of partiality. But with a heart full of conflicting emotions, and a mind labouring to attain the best and most prompt opinions by which to decide on a proper course of conduct for herself; involved as that decision would be with the happiness of others; it may well be imagined, no common effort was required to submit, not patiently but gracefully, to the inflections of officious favour. Yet this did Isabel for many weary hours, while her father continued closeted with his friends and coad-

jutors, assembled in secret conference at the house of one of his principal partisans.

At length, however, the irksomeness was becoming insupportably tedious. Often did she turn her eyes to the richly carved Holland clock, that ticked behind the door. The board had been spread; and she had to endure the kind remonstrances of her assiduous friend at her defection of appetite, accompanied with many an exclamation of surprise or warm hearted inquiry on the subject; for, when doing the honours of her hospitable table, nothing could blind the lady's vigilance to a neglect of her viands; and many were the questions she had answered, or the facts she had listened to, on subjects of supposed interest, arising out of the news of the day. It was much in this fashion that the lady ran on, entertaining herself at least, if she could not boast of like success in the entertainment of her guest.

"And now, the Comptons will hold their heads higher than ever! Dear! dear! to think how the devil helps his favourites! And so the girls were all talking it over at Mrs. Acton's this morning? Well, well, no wonder; girls will get together when they have such a nice bit of news to regale them. And Jenny Campbell was there too, was she? She came down the river to attend poor Catilina De Péron's

burial. Ah! true, you were at Shrewsbury, my dear, and lost that. A very handsome funeral it was, and very edifying and solemn. There were six young ladies for pall-bearers, all dressed in white sarcenet jackets and petticoats, with their heads uncovered, and their hair powdered and done up with white ribbon. And they walked through King's street up to Trinity church; the procession reaching almost the whole length of the street. And the next Sunday Dr. Vesey preached a funeral sermon, and they all sat together in one pew, having on the same dresses. Indeed it was very mournful. And Jenny Campbell was one of them." Then looking very grave, she continued, "Poor Jenny Campbell; she is a nice girl; and her father has spared no pains to make her wise. But, my dear, I have heard something about her that has distressed me a good deal. You do not ask me what it is! Ah, Isabel, you are a good girl, and a prudent; and I think I may venture to tell you. You see I was out at the Bowery farm, to drink tea with my old friends there the other afternoon; and some one said that Jenny Campbell had been writing letters to some man who lives in a foreign country, I think it is in the Swede's land, and that he has written letters to her, and that much had passed between them. I forget his name. But Dr. Vesey said he was a perfect

Solomon. Now it is a pity that Jenny Campbell, such a sweet girl as she is, should have any dealings with such a man; for if Solomon had so many wives, it was in the old time, and thank heaven, there are none left now a days to follow his fashion but the heathen Turks. And it is a shame that such a sweet sensible clever girl as Jenny Campbell, should get into such a scrape."

This little piece of scandal did not seem to be properly received by Isabel Morton, for she expressed no regret at the imprudence of an erring sister, but continued to wear an air of thoughtful abstraction.

Piqued to find her guest so indifferent to the welfare of Miss Campbell, she now drew nearer, and added in a low voice of concern, "There is something more; but it is almost too bad to be told." She paused; but the temptation to talk was irresistible. In a whisper she continued, "It seems that he has even gone so far as to call a little bantling, which they pretend to have picked up in the fields, Cambella, after her. Only think how barefaced! Lin—Linne—I cannot remember the name, but I heard it when Dr. Vesey called him a Solomon."

A smile played over the lip of the anxious Isabel, as she now comprehended the confusion of ideas into

which her unlearned friend had fallen, and she hastened to explain matters.

"Linnæus is the name, I believe, Madam."

"True, that is the name," interrupted the lady.

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"I have, ma'am. A very learned man, he is said to be. One who speaks of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He knoweth also of beasts and of fowls, and creeping things and fishes."

"Dear, dear! to think how I mistook," exclaimed the good natured dame, as Isabel finished the quotation. "And so it is for his wisdom that he is called a Solomon! And little Cambella——"

"It is a plant," hastily rejoined Isabel, "which has lately been discovered, and which he has named in compliment to her."

"What! name a weed after a Christian woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Dam, in great amazement.

"You know, madam, that Miss Campbell is very studious; and, living in the country, she has been enabled to pursue her particular studies to great advantage: so that she has become a correspondent of the great Linnæus, and has made some valuable communications to him on botanical subjects."

"Well! she is a clever girl, and I am right glad to hear the truth of this story. Poor Jenny! that ever I should have thought harm of her for writing about the wild herbs. I dare say she will find out some of the Indian medicines. I have heard they have one very sovereign for the rheumatism. It is no wonder that Jenny has a turn for these things, as her father was bred a physician; but, Isabel dear, it was very clever in you to know all about it;" then, a sudden thought shooting across her brain, she cried, "but you may well know all about that, and much more, my love, for Frederic Philipse says that you write verses, and that they have been printed in Zenger's paper!"

"I hope," said Isabel, becoming almost amused at the reputation Miss Campbell and herself were obtaining among the honest burghers, "I hope they were not those two wicked ballads which governor Compton condemned to be burnt by the hangman."

"I don't know. You smile, my dear! but I think Compton meant to punish more than poor Peter Zenger, when he ordered those ballads burnt. Well, clever parents make clever children," sapiently continued the lady. "Jenny Campbell gets her cleverness from her father; and you and your brothers and sisters get all your genius from father and mother too. I hear

that your father got leave to go home to day ; so I suppose you will soon be going down to Shrewsbury. It seems to me that your mamma likes that place better than West Chester, she is so much there."

"Mamma finds her presence necessary at Tilton, as papa is obliged to be so often away," replied Isabel, striving to avert questions or remarks on a subject it was essential should be secret.

"Yes, to be sure your father has his hands full here. I suppose a certain wedding takes him home now. Ah, Isabel ! what a blush ! I've found you out !"

To poor Isabel's unspeakable relief, voices were now heard in the passage, followed by orders for the re-appearance of the coach, and a summons to herself to rejoin her father. Leave taking was soon despatched, and Isabel had at last the gratification of being alone with her father, to enjoy the few precious hours he was yet to remain with her. Many topics were to be discussed, and much confidential business was of necessity intrusted to his clear minded and sagacious daughter ; for between this parent and his gifted children, there existed the most perfect and harmonious understanding. In these interesting communications, the time was so fully absorbed, that the rough road was unnoticed, and the tedious miles were uncounted. No sign of impatience escaped the duti-

ful Isabel: but when they attained the bleak and dreary heights of Harlaem, her wandering eye sometimes glanced toward the waters of the sound; and her cheek turned pale, when she at length caught a glimpse of the distant topmasts of a gallant ship. Her father marked the direction of her eye, and he pressed her in silence to his bosom; for his conversation with his beloved daughter had made him acquainted with all her thoughts and plans.

The road soon dropped into ravines which shut out the view of distant objects, and as they gained the ferry, the broad forests of West Chester met the eye, still brown and desolate in wintry devastation. Before them stretched a wide belt of sedge and marsh, and the shrunken stream indicated that the tide was now at its lowest ebb. When the river should refill its ample bounds, that embarkation would be made which occupied the whole soul of Isabel. The western sky was revelling in a flood of crimson light, the dying radiance of the setting sun; and in the east, the moon was emerging from the horizon, cold and pale as the beautiful girl who now gazed on its mild orb. Ere that lowly planet should ascend the starry vault, how much was she to endure!

But to return. The father and daughter now alighted from the carriage; which was left on this side the

stream, where a coach house and stable were erected for the purpose; a coach being only useful in visiting the city, for in those days West Chester rocks allowed of few roads passable for one. As the tide was out, the broad margin of mud was accommodated with stepping stones, by which the boat might be attained in safety with due care. A couple of stout negroes were in waiting for their master, and in a few moments the whole party were transported to the lawn before Mr Morton's house.

As the canoe was nearing the birches which fringed the lawn, and drooped their pensile branches toward the retreating waves, a barge was seen advancing in the opposite direction. The two barques touched the strand at the same moment, and the party from the barge hastened across the lawn to meet Isabel and her father.

The group consisted of three young men. Of the two foremost, one was young Herbert, whom we have already introduced, in an interview with his liege lady; the fine features of the other announced him near of kin to the father and daughter, who were now advancing to meet them. The third, who lingered behind the other two, wore enough of the clerical appearance to mark him as a chaplain belonging to his majesty's service. After respectful greetings, the

young Morton took his father's arm, and led him towards the spot where the chaplain had delicately paused in his progress; and in a few minutes their forms were lost amid the trees through which their path to the mansion wound.

"Stay, dearest Isabel," whispered Herbert, gently detaining his beauteous mistress, "one moment stay. Your brother has told you—Oh! call it not presumption. Let not my happiness be sacrificed to cold punctilio, sweet Isabel, my life, my love, my own affianced Isabel! Oh! be propitious to my prayer."

Isabel stood still, and seemed to be collecting her spirits to reply to her pleading lover. But he, reading her purpose in her speaking countenance, impetuously resumed; "Nay, hear me, love, before you give utterance to that which will make me most miserable. Your word is past, and I have been blest by your acceptance of my vows. Your revered parents have confirmed your sacred promise. My father has honoured my choice with his warmest approbation—sweet Isabel, let me proceed—a few short weeks only were to have intervened ere I should claim you as all my own. Yon ship was already fitted to take home my plighted bride; and now, when my departure is hastened at her own request, for her dear father's sake, can Isabel withdraw her solemn pledge? Hear me

out, dearest, I *must* now be heard. Robert has promised me to acquaint your father with the plan: ere now it is unfolded. I have brought my chaplain to perform the holy rite. What happiness will not that brief ceremony confer! Your father—how will the pangs of separation from his dear family be softened, by the presence of his matchless Isabel, to soothe him with her duteous care. And your grateful Herbert—Oh Isabel! could you have the cruelty to blight the hearts so dependent on you for happiness?"

"Dear Herbert," interrupted the weeping Isabel, "in your tenderness for my father, you have forgotten my poor mother's desolation."

"She has other children, my Isabel, to console her in your father's absence."

"What! shall I leave to them the duty she has a right to expect alike from all?—Hear me, Herbert. My father departs under your care; and as you love me, I know it will be most filial. My brother Robert attends him too; and, from his warm affection, may be expected the tenderest attentions that even a daughter could render, added to those services to which a daughter's feeble powers would be inadequate. My mother remains alone—bereaved of the dearest solace of her life."

"But she has children, Isabel."

"True, she has children! and shall it be through one of them that her pangs shall be increased?"

"She is prepared to part with you, love; it is but anticipating a few weeks."

"When she contemplated parting with me, dear Herbert, even with such prospects of happiness for me as you presented to her, we have seen how her spirits drooped, and how heavy her heart has seemed; yet this was a measure which she strongly approved, and to the privations of which she has had ample time to become reconciled."

"Then why hesitate, dearest?" eagerly interrupted Herbert. "Can cold formalities sway my noble, generous Isabel?"

"You will not hear me, dear Herbert. If my mother feels thus keenly at deliberately relinquishing one of her many daughters; how poignant will be her grief when she finds her revered partner thus unexpectedly torn from her. True, public good requires it, and to my high-spirited mother, there is sufficient reason for his voyage, in such necessity; but can any motive repay the pangs of separation to a doting wife?"

"Dear, dear Isabel, if——"

"To my dear mother," hastily interrupted Isabel, as if afraid to trust herself to hear her lover, "to my dear mother, the pain she will endure in the absence

of my father, will be increased by concomitant circumstances. You know how her pride and affection are wrapped up in her lively and intelligent Robert; yet his services are too necessary to my father, in his official business, to admit of his remaining with our mother. My eldest brother, dutiful and affectionate as he is, has his own family to claim the attention he can withdraw from public duties; and these must of necessity be greatly increased by my father's absence. The rest are all so young, that they will prove a charge rather than a solace, unless I remain to make the charge mine, and leave the solace all to her."

"Oh! no, no, Isabel; talk not thus. You under-rate your mother's fortitude. She will approve my suit; I know her noble firmness."

"Shall it be mine to test that firmness—to try how much that pious fortitude can bear? Dear Herbert, urge not such unfeeling selfishness; our union would be unblessed, if we could so forget a mother's sacred claims."

"But have I not claims, my own Isabel?"

"Herbert, you have; and yet I think I know you well enough to be assured that you will forego them for a time, when prior claims and higher duties interfere. Consider, my dear friend, a few short months need but elapse ere you return; and then no discordant

claims need tarnish our vows. A few short months, and our union will be lasting as our lives. What, then, in such a compact, are a few brief months? To us, my Herbert, but little. To my dear mother, every thing. No! you cannot urge me to abridge her of this poor comfort."

The ardent, yet half convinced lover was about to put forth all his eloquence in a last appeal, when the voice of young Robert Morton was heard, calling to them from a distance. The shades of night had gathered around them, as they stood within the shadow of a leafless grove of ancient trees, that then reared their proud heads in towering majesty, but which now, like their distinguished possessor, are laid low. Isabel, at the sound of her brother's voice, emerged into the clear moonlight, which, falling on her light garment, soon brought him to the spot.

"Come, Isabel, time presses, and we have still much to do," he cried. "All are in attendance. Our brother and his fair wife are awaiting to grace your nuptial rites."

"Now, then, dear Isabel!" cried Herbert in triumph, "I have other advocates—your brothers——"

"What! she has not consented then, and our poor mother will not be left quite alone?" and tears of plea-

sure gushed from the eyes of the warm-hearted youth as he spoke.

"This from you, Robert, my friend!" exclaimed Herbert, in a voice of the deepest disappointment; then, with a struggle to master his emotion, he continued, "Isabel, I yield—though anguish fills my heart at the decision, I consent to await your pleasure."

"I will hasten and inform my father of the result of this conference," cried Robert Morton, hurrying forward as he spoke.

The lovers lingered behind, devoting the brief interval to parting converse: each moment becoming more precious, as they marked the swelling tide roll in with warning murmurs. It matters not to follow their tender colloquy; for love, though a very sweet thing to the parties concerned, is apt to be rather insipid to those who have no share in it.

The chilling night breeze mourned wildly through the leafless boughs; the moon, riding high in the deep blue fields of air, spread her solemn light afar over wood and wave; the flowing tide had now poured in the full tribute of the mighty ocean; the hour of embarkation was arrived. Hastening from the mansion came a group, who bent their steps toward the spot still occupied by the parting lovers. There was

the venerable parent leaning on the arm of his eldest son; the youthful Robert conducting his fair sister-in-law; and the chaplain considerably busying himself in attending to the domestics, who brought up the rear, with various articles for the comfort of the voyagers. As they approached, the doting father, breaking from the rest, rushed forward, and folding his darling daughter in his arms, exclaimed, in a voice in which fervour was struggling with the deepest feeling, "My virtuous child! My duteous Isabel! Bless thee, bless thee, for thy pious firmness. Well has thy heart withstood the importunities of thy beloved, backed as they were by its own soft pleadings. Return to thy sorrowing mother; comfort her, my Isabel; be to her now, what thou hast ever been to thy fond parents, a solace and a joy. And you, generous young man—how shall I speak my grateful sense——"

"No more—Oh! say no more, dear sir," interrupted Herbert, with a voice choking with emotion. Then, as if to drown feeling in action, he busied himself in arrangements for the embarkation of his guests.

The father and his younger son had given their parting embraces, and were seated in the barge; the seamen were at their posts, and all was ready, when the young captain sprang again to the shore, and darted

behind a clump of trees where the weeping Isabel had withdrawn herself. In a few moments he reappeared, with eyes glistening, but with every muscle of his face rigid with the effort to maintain an appearance of firmness. The brawny arms of the negro attendants launched the barque upon the waves, the dipping oars flashed in the moonbeams, and in a few minutes the light skiff was too far for the adieus that came wafted from either party to be heard.

It were needless to tell how Isabel kept her lonely station, watching the progress of that barge till it was lost in the distance; nor how, after the signal-gun had announced its arrival at the vessel, she continued to watch the tall masts of that far ship, as sail after sail expanded to catch the favouring gale. It were needless to tell how her vigils were kept during that long night. Suffice it to say, that all that delicacy and affection could offer was rendered by her brother and his gentle wife; and that, in a very short time, they all left West Chester, the occasional residence of the family, and repaired to Shrewsbury, to rejoin their worthy mother.

As there were no steamboats in those days, to annihilate both time and space, as other sages have observed before me, it were as well to record how they got there. Passages were obtained in the sloop Ad-

venture, Peter Kearney master, and a short voyage, of less than three days from New York, brought them to the flourishing city of Perth—relative to which, as it is the fashion to be geographical, I will rehearse the preamble of an ancient document, written somewhere about the year 1680: viz.

‘Forasmuch as Ambo Point is a sweet, wholesome, and delightful place, proper for trade by reason of its commodious situation upon a safe harbour, being likewise accommodated with a navigable river and fresh water, and hath by many persons of the greatest experience and best judgment been approved for the goodness of the air, soil, and situation: we, the proprietors, purpose, by the help of Almighty God, with all convenient speed, to build a convenient town for merchandise, trade, and fishery on Ambo Point.’

But, alas! that fishery—clams and oysters and other fish are quite too cheap at Ambo Point—it has made the people lazy, and that is the reason that Ambo Point has not fulfilled the promise of its early prosperity, as I imagine; for it is certainly of much less importance as a city now, than when our voyagers debarked there, and crossed that ‘navigable river’ at a ferry which brought them to South Amboy, where a travelling chaise was awaiting their arrival.

A long day’s journey through tedious sands brought

them to Tilton-vale, in the vicinity of the antique town of Shrewsbury. During a recent visit to a neighbouring sea-bathing place, in one of my morning excursions, I stopped to view this spot. Of all the numerous buildings; the mansion house, the offices with their screen of delicate locusts and spreading plane trees on the one hand, and on the other, the extensive forges and iron works down in the valley by that brawling stream; scarce a vestige now remains to tell of former affluence.

At this so busy retreat, as was its character in other years, did Isabel pass the summer, in duteous attendance on her mother; for her brother was very soon obliged to return to his duties, in the province of New York.

But winter brought other scenes and livelier feelings. The Tartar must have made shorter voyages than was usual in those times; for we find, by the chronicles of the day, that New York was graced, the following winter, by the presence of a fairer bride than even that favoured city often boasts.

The beauteous Mrs. Herbert was the reigning toast. And we learn from a certain ancient work called 'The New York Weekly Journal, containing the freshest advices, foreign and domestic,' that at a ball given on the occasion of the prince of Wales's birth

day, which was celebrated 'in a most elegant and genteel manner,' to use the very words, that 'Mrs. Herbert led up two new country dances, invented for the occasion, the first of which was called The Prince of Wales, and the second The Princess of Saxe Gotha, in honour of the day,' at which *fete* presided the Honourable Rip Van Dam, Esquire.

Of her father's embassy to England, of which the same chronicle speaks in honourable terms, more may be learned from that, and other publications, than I should find it convenient to detail here; for his name was sufficiently illustrious to be commemorated in the various annals of his time. Suffice it to say, that his monarch listened to his representations; and though a mightier hand than that of England's king removed the rapacious Compton from the scene of his misrule, yet we find that, at his suggestion, many grievances were redressed; and the venerable Morton, on his return to his country, bore with him a commission as governor of the province of New Jersey. Nor did honours stop here. Succeeding years found his sons in elevated stations, in the provinces of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

But the spirit that dictated that manly remonstrance, thus carried even to the foot of the throne, slept not in his descendants; and when at length repeated

grievances had provoked the final resistance of the colonies, all of his name, capable of bearing arms, were found battling in the sacred cause of their country's freedom; and the embryo germ of liberty, thus fostered by their grandsire, they lived to see developed in a firmly rooted, widely spreading and glorious tree.

BRANDYWINE.

BY MISS E. M. CHANDLER.

My foot has climb'd the rocky summit's height,
And in mute rapture, from its lofty brow,
Mine eye is gazing round me with delight,
On all of beautiful, above, below :
The fleecy smoke-wreath upward curling slow,
The silvery waves half hid with bowering green,
That far beneath in gentle murmurs flow,
Or onward dash in foam and sparkling sheen,—
While rocks and forest boughs hide half the distant
scene.

In sooth, from this bright wilderness, 'tis sweet
To look through loop-holes form'd by forest boughs,
And view the landscape far beneath the feet,
Where cultivation all its aid bestows,

And o'er the scene an added beauty throws:
The busy harvest group, the distant mill,
The quiet cattle stretch'd in calm repose,
The cot, half seen behind the sloping hill,—
All mingled in one scene with most enchanting skill.

The very air that breathes around my cheek,
The summer fragrance of my native hills,
Seems with the voice of other times to speak,
And, while it each unquiet feeling stills,
My pensive soul with hallow'd memories fills:
My fathers' hall is there; their feet have press'd
The flower-gemm'd margin of these gushing rills,
When lightly on the water's dimpled breast,
Their own light bark beside the frail canoe would rest.

The rock was once your dwelling place, my sires!
Or cavern scoop'd within the green hill's side;
The prowling wolf fled far your beacon fires,
And the kind Indian half your wants supplied;
While round your necks the wampum belt he tied,
And joining fast with yours the friendly hand,
He bade you on his lands in peace abide,
Nor dread the wakening of the midnight brand,
Or aught of broken faith to loose the peace-belt's band.

Oh! if there is in beautiful and fair
A potency to charm, a power to bless ;
If bright blue skies and music breathing air,
And nature, in her every varied dress
Of peaceful beauty and wild loveliness,
Can shed across the heart one sunshine ray,
Then others too, sweet stream, with only less
Than mine own joy, shall gaze, and bear away
Some cherish'd thought of thee, for many a coming
day.

But yet not utterly obscure thy banks,
Nor all unknown to history's page thy name ;
For there wild war hath pour'd his battle ranks,
And stamp'd in characters of blood and flame,
Thine annals in the chronicles of fame.
The wave, that ripples on so calm and still,
Hath trembled at the war-cry's loud acclaim,
The cannon's voice hath roll'd from hill to hill,
And 'midst thy echoing vales the trump hath sounded
shrill.

My country's standard waved on yonder height,
Her red cross banner England there display'd,
And there the German, who, for foreign fight,
Had left his own domestic hearth, and made

War, with its horrors and its blood, a trade,
Amidst the battle stood; and all the day,
The bursting bomb, the furious cannonade,
The bugle's martial notes, the musket's play,
In mingled uproar wild resounded far away.

Thick clouds of smoke obscured the clear bright sky,
And hung above them like a funeral pall,
Shrouding both friend and foe, so soon to lie
Like brethren slumbering in one father's hall.
The work of death went on, and when the fall
Of night came onward silently, and shed
A dreary hush, where late was uproar all,
How many a mother's heart in anguish bled
O'er cherish'd ones, who there lay resting with the
dead.

Unshrouded and uncoffin'd, they were laid
Within the soldier's grave, e'en where they fell;
At noon they proudly trod the field—the spade
At night dug out their resting place, and well
And calmly did they slumber, though no bell
Peal'd over them its solemn music slow;
The night winds sung their only dirge, their knell
Was but the owlet's boding cry of wo,
The flap of night hawk's wing and murmuring water's
flow.

But it is over now, the plough hath rased
All trace of where war's wasting hand hath been :
No vestige of the battle may be traced,
Save where the share, in passing o'er the scene,
Turns up some rusted ball ; the maize is green
On what was once the death bed of the brave ;
The waters have resumed their wonted sheen,
The wild bird sings in cadence with the wave,
And nought remains to show the sleeping soldier's
grave.

A pebble stone that on the war-field lay,
And a wild rose that blossom'd brightly there,
Were all the relics that I bore away,
To tell that I had trod the scene of war,
When I had turn'd my footsteps homeward far—
These may seem childish things to some ; to me
They shall be treasured ones, and, like the star
That guides the sailor o'er the pathless sea,
They shall lead back my thoughts, loved Brandywine,
to thee.

THE HOUR OF REST.

WHEN brightly glows the kindling west,
And slanting shadows point him home,
The ploughman hails the hour of rest,
That calls him to his humble dome.

Welcome the home-returning hour!
For, wearied all the summer day,
He feels its renovating power,
And cheerily his pulses play.

The western breeze is sighing balm,
The robin trills his plaintive song,
And evening's hush and holy calm
Come o'er him as he trips along.

The smoke is curling o'er the hill,
His cot emerges from the trees—

THE LIFE OF THE LATE

BY THE REV. J. H. B. B.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

That spot of earth, the dearest still,
His home, his own dear home, he sees !

And now what pleasure wings his feet,
What gladness dances in his eye !
When tottering forth, his steps to meet,
His little prattling children hie !

He 'll snatch his infant to his lip,
And press its cherry colour'd cheek ;
Then o'er the threshold lightly skip,
And to his loved companion speak.

“ Let those who seek the crowded hall,
And all the city's heartless blaze,
Rejoice when evening gives the call,
To mingle in its wildering maze.

“ I envy not their glittering shows,
That cannot yield them joys like mine,
Rich with what bounteous heaven bestows,
Blest with these children's love and thine !”

THE GRAVE LAMPS.

BY SPENCER M. CLARK.

Once a year it is a custom to place lamps above the graves of their friends and relatives. As the tombs are on the side of the hill, and as there are probably a hundred lamps to one person, the sight is a brilliant one. On the evening of the following day, the lights are seen advancing from the hill, and are placed by the friends upon the water, and floated out into the ocean.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

TEN thousand lamps are blazing bright,
Above the hill-side graves,
Upon the ebon wings of night
A shadowy splendour waves ;
And through the thicken'd fields of air,
See, streams of radiance run,
As if some hand had cluster'd there
The fragments of a sun !

A beautiful and holy rite !
Thus flinging o'er the dead,
A lustre like a living light,
To crown the lost one's bed.
It seems as if pure fire from heaven
Had fallen as of old ;
As if some burning cloud were riven,
And these its fragments roll'd !

Oh why should man e'er cast a pall
Of gloom above the grave ?
For flowers will bloom, and sun-light fall,
And winds their pinions wave,
Alike on grave or pleasant bower,
On mountain or on glen,
And clouds which seem o'er graves to lower,
Rise from the hearts of men.

To the cold clay that sleeps beneath,
No light or shade can come—
It recks not whether vale or heath
Be chosen for its home.
The soft sun-light, and thunder tone,
When thrown upon a tomb,
Alike fall heedless and unknown,
To those within its womb.

But to the living, there will seem
A sacred charm around,
Though that deep sleep can know no dream,
Can hear no earthly sound ;
And he who would profane the spot
With mockery of wo,
Should feel he casts an unmeet blot
On grief that passeth show.

This is a scene to soothe all pain,
A pure heart-lifting sight !
That gives the spirit free from stain,
A thrill of deep delight.
'Tis meet, 'tis meet ! flash higher up
Your radiance on the air,
While friends quaff from devotion's cup,
And raise the soul in prayer.

Morning unlocks her golden gates,
Those lamps grow dim the while,
E'en as the spirit, when it waits
To gain its Maker's smile ;
And burning through the sunny day,
They wait the coming night,
As for a while the spirit's ray
On earth will burn less bright.

Evening's dark shadows gather fast,
And from the hill of graves,
Those lamps, like showers of light, are cast
Upon the heaving waves,
And o'er the ocean's rising crest,
Like cluster'd stars they fall,
And shine upon its blacken'd breast,
Like gems upon a pall!

THE DEAD OF THE WRECK.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

A meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom ; no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought, and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails ; men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd.

BYRON.

THE twenty-ninth of October 1828 opened with as clear and as beautiful an autumnal morning, as ever dawned upon the plains of Abraham ; and, for once, I arose ere the sunbeams began to gild the battlements of the castle of St. Louis.

My spirits were animated, and my feelings unusually cheerful and buoyant ; for I was this morning

to embark for the green island of my nativity; and although my regiment had so long been stationed in the ancient Canadian capital, as to allow of my forming many warm friendships and strong attachments, yet the thoughts of 'home, sweet home,' with all its exhilarating and endearing recollections, were uppermost in my mind. Bright-eyed fancy too was already picturing to my imagination the joyous welcome which, after three years of banishment, I hoped in one short month to receive from a doting and beloved mother, and three fond sisters, to say nothing of another, who, though not yet bound to me by the legal ties of relationship, was an object of my liveliest solicitude, and deepest and tenderest affections. Our baggage and private stores had been placed on ship board on the preceding day; and nothing remained for the morning occupation of the passengers, but to make their parting calls, exchange adieus, and embark. The good people of this Frenchified city not having broken their slumbers, I sallied forth for an early stroll upon the plains of Abraham, to take what was probably to be my last survey—the last indeed—of the Martello towers, and the bed of glory of Wolfe and Montcalm. A heavy hoar frost covered the ground, which sparkled in the early sunbeams glancing athwart the plain, as though the turf

had been studded with countless millions of diamonds while the crisped grass rustled and broke at every step beneath my tread. I walked briskly for more than an hour, catching such hasty views as the time would allow, of those objects which appeared most worthy of being treasured up, for my future reminiscences of this memorable spot. The air was cool and bracing, and never did the castle, the citadel which crowns the naked precipices overlooking the lower town, the beautiful bay, which, though but a section of a river, lies apparently embosomed among the surrounding heights like a lake, the town beneath, or the landscape abroad, look so beautiful, so imposing, so magnificent. Returning to my quarters, as a thousand dense masses of smoke came curling and rolling upward from the chimneys of the town at my feet, a bountiful breakfast was soon despatched. The usual civilities between parting friends having been interchanged, by twelve o'clock I found myself safely on board the barque *Granicus*, just as the sailors were beginning to haul her into the stream, to the deep sonorous cry of 'Yo heave O!'

By one o'clock, our vessel began slowly to drop down the bay. It was just at the close of that most beautiful portion of an American autumn, called the Indian summer. The sun imparted a genial

warmth during the middle hours of the day; a thin light blue haze yet hung on the verge of the distant landscape; the current of air was insufficient to ruffle the bosom of the waters; and our sails hung flapping lazily against the masts and rigging. Floating thus quietly and gently down the stream, an agreeable opportunity was afforded for taking one more survey, from the water, of this picturesque city, the rugged scenery, and imposing sweep of structures by which it is surrounded. The lower town is built upon a long narrow piece of ground, between the river and the base of the precipitous rocks, upon whose naked summits stand the castle and citadel, as before mentioned. These rude heights; the delightful villages of neat white cottages, interspersed with more elegant mansions, scattered thickly upon the margin of the water; the grotesque assemblage of houses, of every possible description of the irregular orders of architecture; the 'castle in the air,' hanging upon the verge of the precipice two hundred feet above; the frowning battlements of cape Diamond beyond, more than a hundred feet higher still; and the ranges of mountains, whose dark crests were now obscured by the mist floating in the azure distance: all combined to make up a spectacle of surpassing grandeur and beauty, upon which I gazed intently, and for a

long time, with those emotions of melancholy pleasure felt when parting from scenes and friends that are dear.

Passing point Levi, I caught another and a final view of the beautiful cascade of Montmorenci, whose bright unwearied waters have for ages been leaping from an elevation of more than two hundred feet, like a continuous torrent of liquid silver, into its deep rocky bed below.

The course of the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to the ocean, is north east. The morning following our embarkation found us not yet below the eastern extremity of the charming island of Orleans, and owing to a continued slumber of the winds, our descent of the river was, for several days, unusually slow. There were eight passengers on board—a lady with one child and a waiting woman, another female with two children, and a gentleman passenger besides myself. These, with the captain, his mate, thirteen seamen and boys, and the cook, made up the number of twenty-three souls on board of the Granicus. Our barque was a snug comfortable vessel, and though we were all of course anxious to be making more rapid headway than the current favoured us with during the calm, yet the weather continued pleasant for the season, and the time was passed as

agreeably as could have been expected, under the circumstances.

The morning after the eighth of November found us not yet one hundred miles from Quebec, enveloped in one of those heavy fogs, a sure precursor at this advanced season of extreme cold, and so dense as to circumscribe our vision within the distance of a very few yards. Indeed the bows of our ship could not be seen from the companion way, and the top masts were lost in the thick palpable obscure. In this situation it became necessary to let go our anchors; since considerations of prudence would not allow our ship, even to float down by the gentle operation of the tides and current. Thus we lay embargoed for nearly a week, without once catching a glimpse of the sun by day, or the stars by night. But during the morning watch of the fourteenth, a smart breeze sprang up from the north east, directly in our teeth, which soon cleared the atmosphere of the fog, and by sunrise had increased to a heavy blow. All diligence was used in raising our anchors and getting under way; but the weather having become suddenly and severely cold, the change was sensibly felt, and the motions of the seamen, though inured to the northern navigation, were consequently stiff and heavy. We continued to beat slowly against the wind during the day, some-

times losing by one tack all that we had gained by the preceding. The cold increased every instant, and the wind, which towards noon chopped round to the N.N.W. before evening blew a gale, surcharged with frost as biting and keen as though just let loose from Arctic regions.

All possible care and attention were now requisite, to keep the ship from driving upon the lee shore, until our entrance upon the broader expanse of the gulf should give us more sea-room. But as the river widened, the sea began to run high and irregular, causing the ship to roll and pitch with great violence. Night was closing around us; the clouds hung above in portentously black and heavy masses; and the supposed neighbourhood of islands rendered it necessary to close reef our sails, let go our anchors again, and lie by for the night. And a most boisterous and frightful night it was; for, before morning, the ship was found to have parted her cables, and was drifting at the mercy of the tempest. I will not speak of the anxiety and terror of the passengers, to say nothing of the captain and crew, during this fearful night. Would to God that these had been the only terrors and sufferings they were fated to encounter, and of which, if my strength and reason endure, I shall have to speak, before I conclude this narrative!

Morning at length returned, but the tempest continued to rage with unabated fury. The sea wore the black and angry aspect usual in cold weather, and the waters of the gulf rose, with each succeeding blast, wave after wave, higher and yet higher, until, heaving up like dark mountains, their crests broke, and dashed in foaming spray over the bows of the ship. The waters at every plunge congealed instantly upon the rigging and timbers of the vessel, as well as the clothes of the seamen and such of the passengers as chose to face the danger upon the deck. The consequence was, that the sails and running rigging were soon rendered unyielding, and of course the ship was nearly unmanageable. The sailors, encased as it were in ice, were soon fatigued and benumbed; and the planks were so slippery, that, with every roll, those on deck lost their feet. Worse than all, one hardy fellow, being sent aloft upon some critical point of duty, fell his whole length upon the deck, his head striking upon the capstan with a force that dashed out his brains, and scattered them in all directions. A few convulsive movements of his limbs, a slight quivering of his flesh, and all the bodily sufferings of poor Tom were over. Without shroud or priest or funeral rites, his remains were cast into the deep, now wrought into a whirlwind of foam,

at the same instant, when, by a sudden lurch of the ship, a starting creak was heard in her trembling timbers, while a heavy surge swept along the deck, and washed away the blood of our late stout hearted comrade!

We had now to encounter another source of uneasiness, if not of positive difficulty. In our endeavours to keep our struggling bark from being blown upon the southern coast of the river, we had inadvertently run into the northern passage, between the island of Anticosti and the Labrador shore. This channel is but little known, it being always avoided by navigators if possible. The sailors, moreover, have a superstitious belief that the storm-spirit hovers around the cloud-capped and desolate summit of mount Joli, which will not suffer any vessel to be navigated safely through the dangerous passage; and the number of wrecks annually occurring in this region seem to justify their apprehensions, if not the soundness of their philosophy, in attributing these disasters to the influence of some powerful supernatural agent. The incessant fatigues of our crew, night and day, during the protracted tempest, had visibly impaired their energies; and the dread with which they cast their wistful looks towards the bleak and rocky shore of mount Joli, gave us some cause to ap-

prehend that terror would contribute still further to unman them.

But our struggle with the angry element was drawing nearer to a close, than as yet we had any reason to imagine. The ice had increased upon the ship's timbers, so that the helm could scarcely be moved, and the motion was too violent to allow of its being cleared away. We had now begun to enter upon the broader expanse of the gulf, when, sudden as the thunder-clap, and furious as a hurricane, a blast of wind, sweeping through the straits of Belleisle, struck our ship upon the starboard quarter with such resistless force, that our icy ropes snapped like threads, and away went our foremast and bowsprit.

Before these could be cleared from the wreck, another gust, more furious if possible than the former, carried away our mainmast with a tremendous crash, and the mizenmast was stripped of its canvass, now torn and flying in tatters to the gale. Nor was this all. Three more of our bravest and hardiest seamen were plunged irretrievably into a watery bed; for the billows of the gulf, lashed into foam by the fury of the storm, were dashing over us in immense, winding sheets of spray, added to which, were large quantities of drift ice, that had been forced through the north-

M

ern straits by the gale. Poor fellows! they were seen no more.

All hope seemed now to be lost. The captain, the survivors of his crew, and the male passengers stood motionless, gazing on each other in utter amazement and despair. The females, whom the inclemency of the weather had confined to their births, had been in ignorance of the extent of our perils, but could be kept in such ignorance no longer. They shrieked not; but clasping their hands and pressing their children more closely to their bosoms, gazed upwards with looks of supplication and terror, and heaving deep drawn sighs, sunk back in despair upon their pillows. To amend the mischief of this terrible disaster was out of the question; nor, exhausted as all were by cold and fatigue, was it possible for us even to erect jurmasts, while the storm raged with such madness and fury. Nothing more could be done than to clear the wreck, and leave ourselves to the care of providence, and the mercy of the waves, obedient only to His control, who could shield us from the blast's dread onset.

With the approach of night, the gale had in some measure exhausted its fury, and its violence was partially abated; but as if there could be no diminution of the horrors of our situation, a new peril approached

with the gathering darkness. To our further consternation it was discovered that we had sprung a leak, and the water was making rapidly in the hold. The pumps were instantly manned, but to little effect: the water increased; and before midnight it was found that the preservation of our lives, even for another hour, depended upon taking to the long boat, regardless of the fragments of floating ice and the yet heavy swell of the sea. It was clear that we could not be many leagues from the eastern part of Anticosti; and the wind, which still swept in a stiff breeze down through the channel between Newfoundland and Labrador, would probably drive the boat thither, could she live upon the water. A few clothes, and a small quantity of provisions were all that the urgency of the case would allow us to take from the ship. In saving these, the females; whose courage and energy, after the first shock produced by the disaster had subsided, gathered strength with the increase of danger; were our most thoughtful providers, and most effective assistants. At length, but not till the ship began evidently to go down, men, women and children were hurried, cold and shivering, into the boat, which was cleared from the wreck, and in this forlorn condition committed to the wild waves. Just as morning light was breaking upon us,

our boat struck upon a sandy beach, on the north eastern point of Anticosti, and, from the force of the surge, was wedged between masses of ice which had been driven ashore in the gale. By dint of great exertion, every soul, with our little effects, was safely landed, stiffened with cold and exhausted with fatigue. But on looking back upon the yet angry waters, not a vestige of the ship could be seen. The winds yet blew with sufficient violence to madden the waves, which sounded heavily upon the ear, as they broke on the shore in feathery foam. All around was wildness, solitude and desolation.

But the sailors knew the ground ; and the universal joy at our escape from the perils of the winds and the deep, rendered us comparatively happy. True, we were cold, some amongst us frost-bitten, and we were cast ashore, destitute, upon a barren and cheerless island, at a most inclement season of the year, the severity of which was hourly increasing : yet there was not a heart amongst us that was not swelling with gratitude to that Almighty Being, who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm, for our almost miraculous escape.

The island of Anticosti, situated in the gulf of the St. Lawrence, is thirty miles broad, and a hundred and thirty miles long. It is uninhabited. The land,

low and swampy, is covered with pines, almost to the water's edge, adding a deeper gloom to its desolation. But it was known that a paternal government had established a provision post upon this desert and dangerous shore, for the relief of those who were shipwrecked, and that the house could be but a few miles from the spot where we had landed. Our first business, therefore, was to seek out this solitary, though friendly habitation; for the sufferings of all were extreme, and the female companions of our distress, feebly clasping their perishing children to their bosoms, were sinking down in utter exhaustion.

Alas! we found the agency house deserted, cold, unprovided, comfortless! It was evident that winter was already setting in, and the snow began to drive through the air in clouds of hard, minute, cutting particles, as is usual in high northern latitudes. The agent, unfaithful to his trust, must have deserted his post, been lost by accident, or cut off by design. In either event, the case was equally distressing to us; and our hearts sunk at the prospect. Nor, in the bitterness of our disappointment, did the rebellious thought arise alone in my bosom, that the fate of those who had gone over with the wreck, would have been more welcome to us all, than to have been brought here thus to perish by hunger and cold. Even now,

at the present moment, it seemed as though our condition was sufficiently deplorable for human endurance; but the intruding thought of the extremities to which the hapless sufferers might be driven, froze up the blood with recoiling horror, ere it could rush back to the heart. But hope—which has been so beautifully likened to the icicle that melts even in the ray in which it glitters—hope, the first fruit of happiness and the only medicine of the miserable, stepped in to cheer our drooping spirits, and whispered that she had weathered a thousand storms.

Some common cooking utensils were discovered, together with a pile of wood, collected by the absent agent, in part preparation for the winter. By putting ourselves on a short allowance, the little stock of provisions which we had secured would suffice for a few weeks; and it was hardly possible that a sail would not appear in some direction, which might by signals be called to our relief. Other means of escape might be presented. Possibly too, the agent might return. Or—but all was enshrouded in fearful uncertainty; and as the unwelcome thought of what our condition might be, again stole over the unhappy group, every countenance drooped, and a deeper cloud of gloom darkened every brow.

The first day was exhausted in making such tem-

porary arrangements as seemed best calculated to mitigate our misery, rather than to render it tolerable. On the day following, we determined to establish a look-out, to descry, if possible, the sail of any ship that might yet be labouring in this dangerous region. But the precaution was vain. The snow continued to drive in clouds through the atmosphere, rendering it impossible to discern objects at any considerable distance. The floating fragments of ice had increased in the northern channel, and reached the southern, extending in the direction of Gaspé, and yet further down the gulf toward the Magdalene Islands, beyond the bounds of our contracted vision; and the sense of our perilous and solitary condition was again quickened by the appalling fact, that, in our anxiety about other matters of more immediate urgency, when cast ashore, we had neglected to haul up and secure our boat. During the night it had been crushed by the heavy driving masses of ice into a thousand pieces. Thus early vanished our only hope of relief and rescue, save by succour from abroad. Day followed day, and long and dreary were the nights that intervened, and yet there was no apparent prospect of relief. The heavens continued obscured by the snow, which, as the wind rose again into a tempest, was driven furiously along, curling in pillow wreaths among the tall pines,

whose dark branches, waving in the gale, creaked and moaned in hollow murmurs, like spirits in the air bewailing our hapless fate, in anticipation of the last sad and now rapidly approaching catastrophe. The cold increased to such intensity without, that our hardiest seamen were unable to sustain their watch, in which fruitless service two brave and faithful fellows were found stiffened and lifeless on their posts. Having no means of digging graves, their remains were cast into the deep, and the tears of the survivors froze, as they trickled upon their hardy, though sunburnt cheeks, ere they had time to wipe them away. Thus 'environed with a wilderness of sea;' the wind for many days sweeping down from the arctic regions, through the northern arm of the gulf; the ice accumulating, instead of being borne down by the tides, and the passage through the straits of Belleisle choked up; our provisions reduced to a few scanty remnants; our health, strength, courage and fortitude failing; thinly clad; and the fine particles of snow sifting and driving through every crevice of our inadequate and cheerless shelter, benumbing us with cold, as the sand which is borne on the wings of the simoon, to spread terror and desolation among the habitations of Egypt, suffocates with heat; despair began at length 'to strike deep furrows on the brain.' But for days we

yet struggled with our misery; still clinging to the hope, weak and attenuated as it was, of succour. Sometimes, indeed, the gleam, as of a distant sail, caught a desponding eye, just to kindle a hasty spark of joy. But it continued only for an instant, when the prospect became as dreary and dismal as before. In most cases, the illusion proved to be only the breaking of a wave upon a mound of ice, or the dashing of the snow-white foam upon a naked rock.

Additional poignancy and bitterness were imparted to our sufferings, by the presence of the females under our charge, draining with us the cup of misery to its very dregs. The pleadings, the imploring looks, the eloquent silence of woman in distress, who, unmoved, can behold! But never were the divine attributes of the sex more conspicuously displayed. Of fortitude in the midst of danger, resolution in the hour of peril, patient endurance of the most exquisite sufferings, and uncomplaining submission in the moment of utter and hopeless despair, it was woman—noble, generous, disinterested woman—who throughout this long period of incessant and aggravated disaster, amid scenes of suffering and wo which would require the glowing pen of Maturin and the tender pathos of Mackenzie to describe, set us the highest, the noblest, the brightest examples.

In a former part of my narrative, which, like the landscape of the valley of the shadow of death, as sketched by the imaginary pilgrim of Bunyan, presents not a ray of light, and across which not a solitary sunbeam glances to cheer the path, or soften the gloom, I mentioned the unhappy female companions of our voyage, consisting of a lady, her child and her maid, and a woman in humbler life with her two children. This latter was a young Scotch woman, who, a few years before, becoming enamoured of the red coat and fine manly proportions of one of his majesty's recruiting sergeants, had exchanged the humdrum and never varying melody of the spinning wheel, for the brisker and more animating sounds of the fife and the bugle. Being ordered upon foreign service, her husband had died in garrison at Quebec, and she was returning with her bairns to the ingle of her father's cottage, some leagues north of the Tweed. Her health was impaired when she embarked. She had loved her bonnie soldier, and grief at his loss had eaten into her soul, while the hand of care had pressed heavily upon her brow. But her sufferings here were of shorter duration than were those of most of us. Her strength soon gave way, and her spirits broke beneath the weight of her distress. One of her children died from cold and exposure, soon after our ship-

wreck. The other was evidently near its end; and the mind of the mother, wandering for a time, was soon lost, and she sunk into a deep melancholy and mental imbecility, moody, lonely, yet not alone, and scarcely giving evidence of life, save by the 'stifled groan of inward sorrow,' which, at long intervals, half escaped as it were to die away upon her ashy lips. She was aroused from her lethargy, for a few hours, by the death of her remaining child, which was found lifeless at her side on one of the many dreary mornings that were allowed, by an inscrutable providence, to dawn upon us. She refused however to deliver it up, or to believe it dead; it was only frozen, as she said, to sleep. 'Na, na,' she would exclaim, 'ye shall na do siccan a wicked thing, as give my puir bairn to the fishes in the salt loch.' And then she would fondle it in her arms, covering it with kisses, and pressing its stiffened form to her own cold and emaciated bosom. She would sing to it a hundred incoherent catches of nursery songs and ballads, mingling every thing in strange and wild confusion, until the minds of those who were present, without power to assist, sickened at the sight, and almost forgot their own sufferings. At last, the dreadful reality seemed to flash upon the poor maniac's mind; she uttered a wild and piercing shriek, and sunk back

upon her rude resting place. The last attenuated thread of existence broke, and she expired clasping the cold corpse of her infant to her bosom with convulsive energy.

The child of the lady, together with her maid, was likewise soon numbered with the dead. The blows that deprived her of these remaining sources of comfort came in quick succession. They were heavy, it is true; but death began to be looked upon as a friend, from whom only relief could be expected, and they were borne with a martyr's fortitude. Not a murmur escaped the mother's unrepining lips. On returning from depositing in our place of sepulture, the deep, deep sea, the remains of the beautiful little being that had prattled upon her knee, and clung so sweetly to her bosom, but a few weeks before, we found the mother exactly in the spot where we had left her, sitting against the wall, helpless, destitute, hopeless; for with us all it might now be said, that hope's last ray was extinguished. But,

‘Hers was the still agony
Which works unseen and silently;
Which flows in anguish deep and chill,
Like the stream beneath an ice bound rill.’

Every possible attention was paid to her, as was the case with the other females. Even the coarsest sai-

lors, laying aside their rudeness, and forgetting their passions, in the dread of their own desolation, had in every instance vied with each other in showing kindness and attention, apparently without one selfish act or thought, to the female companions of our misery.

Mrs. Starling, for that was her name, was a beautiful woman, of a family moving in the genteel circles of Edinburgh. She had married a gentleman, holding an official situation in the colonies, in 1822, and was returning to spend a winter of happiness under her paternal roof in the Scottish capital, where her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached, was to join her in the spring. But what a sad and melancholy alteration in her appearance within the few short weeks—short, though weeks were by misery lengthened into years—of our acquaintance. How firm and elastic her step, when in Quebec she sprung up the side, and leaped gaily upon the deck of the *Granicus*, her eyes sparkling with animation as she proudly threw from her long silken eye lashes the starting tear, which rose and glistened in liquid light after the parting embrace with her husband. Her hair, black, glossy and luxuriant, was parted in front, displaying, between the clustering ringlets, a beautiful, well formed forehead, evidently the chosen seat of elevated, noble, and generous thought. Her features were

regular, and on her cheeks the rose and the lily were sweetly blended. Her form was rather above the ordinary size, but still disclosed the outlines of true and graceful proportion. Now, alas, how changed! That eye, so bright, glazed with blinding tears; the bloom upon her cheek faded and gone; her spirit crushed; and the whole frame prostrated by grief, and bodily and mental anguish—there she sat, a blighted flower, a beautiful ruin in the silent, uncomplaining agony of wo. But her sufferings were fast drawing to an end. The wind howled hoarsely and dismally around, as the brief day closed again upon us, driving the snow furiously onward, piling it up in heaps and ridges of enormous depth, and startling us by the occasional crash of a towering pine, breaking when it could bend before the storm no longer. The snow continued sifting through the apertures of our habitation, often covering us during the night to the depth of several inches. On looking around, when another wearisome day had dawned, it was perceived that the subdued spirit of Mrs. Starling had passed away amid the tempest to a more genial clime. Her lips and eyes were closed; and her fine though sunken countenance was as cold and white as the snow that had drifted upon her bosom. The bridal ring upon her finger bore the initials of herself and husband, with

the date of their marriage, and in her right hand was clasped a golden locket, containing the miniature of him whose image was present till her eyes were fixed in death.

Several days passed on; and although our trials, from cold and hunger and almost every species of deprivation, became hourly more and more intense, yet our lives seemed to be miraculously preserved, as if to test the utmost possible extent of human suffering. Our provisions had for some time been reduced to rations of a mere morsel a day. A winter of such severity had not been known for nearly half a century; never since the memorable 1780. The gulf continued choked with ice, driving in huge masses like floes or islands, or in lesser fragments, before the winds and tides, rendering navigation exceedingly difficult and perilous, if not impossible. Owing to our frugality, the fuel which we found ready provided, was not yet exhausted; but as every thing perishable must have an end, the last biscuit had at length been soaked in snow water, and distributed. It was greedily swallowed; but how awful was the succeeding moment of reflection. We had all foreseen this terrible event; yet even those who thought and felt themselves prepared for its arrival, showed but too plainly, that they had unconsciously been cherishing a feeble, dis-

tant ray of hope. But there was no room to cherish it longer. It was finally extinguished. Hope herself was dead.

Thus for two days more we were without food; twelve living men; gloomy and silent; with brows dejected, scarcely daring to look at each other.

I had read of the anthropophagi of the ancients and moderns, but never believed that such monsters had existed. The improbable stories upon the subject I believed to have their origin in the fears only of some narrators, and in the distempered imaginations of others. I had rejected all tales of cannibalism, as equally apocryphal with the fabulous histories of the Lamie, the Syrens and Cyclops. Although superstition might build altars and grace them with hecatombs of human victims, yet I could not believe that even the idolatrous priest could eat of the sacrifice, or slake his thirst with the blood. And to whatever extremes others might be driven in the last stage of hunger, it had been my firm resolution and belief, that never, no never, not even in the keenest anguish of starvation, while a spark of reason was left, could I commit an act so barbarous and revolting, as to prey upon my own species. But whatever might be my own feelings, or my actions, in these untried circumstances, the fearful certainty, that, unless within

another day the ice should be removed and a friendly sail come to our assistance, the last dreadful resort for food would be proposed, began to suggest itself, though I strove with all my might to banish the oft-intruding thought. There were indications, too, that I was not the first to struggle against the horrid idea ;

The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect ;

their eyes glared wildly upon each other, with fierce demoniac looks. Their teeth and hands were often clenched convulsively, and they would sit for a long time fixed as statues, their haggard countenances bent sullenly upon the earth. Those in their hammocks would groan, and gnaw the wood, and chew their wretched covering. Some began to rave and curse, while a few, submissive, gloomy and silent, sunk down in immovable and unutterable despair. One or two became delirious and frantic, their piercing maniac cries evincing the keenest suffering of body and mind. And some were still glaring upon each other with fixed, dead, unrelenting eyes. At last the dreadful proposition was made and assented to.

But who could raise the knife for the sacrifice ! Again there was a pause of a whole day, rendered fearfully distressing by the mingled prayers of some,

the wailings of others, and the increasing howl and half inarticulate blasphemy and horrible laughter of those whom hunger had bereft of their reason. It was hoped that some one would die. But no! There seemed equal tenacity in all our lives, and almost an equal power of enduring bodily pain and mental torture.

But resistance was no longer possible. The resolution had been formed; the lot was cast, and the victim bared his neck without a murmur. Having been confined to my hammock for some time by frozen limbs, I now turned my face to the wall, and hid my head in the scanty covering, to avoid beholding the horrid spectacle. It was done; and a still more revolting scene ensued. Hunger had goaded on my wretched companions to madness. Reason had left her seat, and mere animal passion and appetite, unrestrained either by shame or remorse, reigned with uncontrolled dominion. A repugnance more powerful even than the calls of hunger, prevented me from participating in the unnatural banquet. In addition to this repugnance, I was unable to rise from my situation, even had I been inclined to partake of the repast. I must draw a veil over the dreadful procedure. It is horrible enough to say that the meal was partaken. Nay, some of those whose brains

were on fire, commenced the loathsome repast, before the blood was cool, or the flesh had yet ceased to quiver with the convulsive movements of death.

The meal was ended, but not the agony. Some shuddered with horror at the thought of what they had done ;

‘ Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept ; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look’d up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky ;
* * * and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust.’

Indeed so long had these wretched men gone without sustenance, that they had no power of restraint left, and they had partaken of the half roasted flesh to a surfeit. The certain consequences ensued, and there was no medical relief. Oh the unutterable, the indescribable horrors of the dreadful scene that followed ! Seized with unlooked for pains, ere many hours all were groaning, and writhing, and shrieking with racking tortures and appalling convulsions. Some rushed out wildly into the howling tempest, and perished in the snow-fields. Others sunk down and expired in the most excruciating agony. And the morning of another day found in me the only living

being upon this dread island. All were dead—dead—dead! And I, too, must speedily be numbered among them.

But still, although the fire was lost, for want of fuel, which it was beyond my power to supply, and the vital spark which yet warmed a small region around my heart I knew must soon be extinguished, and although the powers of reflection were in a measure benumbed, in common with the members of the body, yet the love of life, that tenacious principle which survives when all rational motives for its continuance have ceased, was unsubdued: and the strange unaccountable anomaly existed, that almost at the instant I was praying my God to release me from my sufferings, I was unconsciously, perhaps instinctively, using means to prolong them. Most providentially I had saved from the wreck, in my trunk, a large vial of the balsam which exudes like tear-drops from the little blisters upon the bark of the fir tree, and having accidentally tasted of this medicine, when using it for another purpose, I found it gave temporary relief. It allayed the gnawing of the stomach, and soothed its irritation. It is to the grateful effects of this cordial, perhaps, that I was spared a participation in the horrid transaction which I have but partially disclosed. To the same cause must be attri-

buted the extension of my life to another day, with strength and reason sufficient to enable me to trace, with a pencil, an outline of this most extraordinary tale of human suffering, in a place where death will soon be left to revel undisturbed, in the midst of his own desolation.

The vial is nearly empty, my sands are running swiftly. It is difficult to rouse my mind to think, or my hand to trace, even the few last words of parting to my beloved mother, to my affectionate sisters, to * * *. My eyes swim, and the blood is creeping with an icy coldness around my heart. A sensation, like an incubus, is coming upon me, and stilling the pulses of my life. My heart throbs chill, and faintly. Farewell, my dear mother, my sisters, my Adda, fare thee——

THE MINSTREL.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

PR'YTHEE, fair musician, haste,
Time was never made to waste,
Dallying with the chords so long,
While I'm languishing for song!

Well, then, let us talk awhile—
Not a word, nor e'en a smile?
How you girls *can* be so teasing,
Firing, when you find us freezing,
Freezing when you see us blazing,
Is, by Jupiter, amazing.

O, you're seated! thank you, sweet;
Let me now this boon entreat:
If of love you sing and play,
Let your heart breathe in the lay.



Painted by C. R. Leslie R.A.

Engraved by Geo. R. Elphinstone

THE MINISTERIAL.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Some suppose that music lingers
Only in the flight of fingers ;
Others that it 'sticks i' the throat,'
On the quavering of a note ;
Some lips utter ' poco fa,'
As Maelzel's image squeaks ' pa, pa.'

True expression lives alone
Where the soul comes in the tone,
While the glowing cheek and eye
Lighten like the glorious sky.

Then is music's magic hour,
Then has poesy its power,
Then may word and sound impart
Thrillings to the ' heart of heart ;'
From the fount of feeling gushing,
Through each kindred bosom rushing ;
Deeply flowing, brightly glancing,
Sense and soul at once entrancing.

Heed not what the censors say
(Tabbies, with their feelings gray)
Of affectation and grimaces—
You can ne'er make ugly faces.

Music, poetry and love,
Blended, like the graces move.
But the ancients held the notion,
That to move ask'd room for motion,
And they ne'er made grace or goddess
Caper in an iron boddice.

Though you lace, when mode enforce it,
Put not the free soul *en corset*,
Not with me at least—I'm still,
Come ! a strain *en deshabelle*.

THE URN OF COLUMBUS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

In the cathedral church at Havanna, the bones of Christopher Columbus are preserved in a silver urn, standing near the altar.

SLEEP'ST thou, world-finder, 'mid this sea green isle,
Far from thy native Genoa's genial skies?
Sleep'st thou unwaked, while sounds of clamorous toil,
Discordant, o'er yon thronging city rise?
From loop and embrasure of giant size
The castle pours its loud artillery,
Wealth sports the rich volante, pale penury cries,
Crush'd slavery bears his load with bursting sigh,
Or cowers beneath the lash, with red, despairing eye.

And far beyond, fair Cuba's mountains rear
Their fragrant foreheads to the bending cloud,

Gay tropic-tinted warblers carol clear,
Tall trees beneath embracing vines are bow'd,
Destroyed 'mid smothering sweets and clusters proud,
The graceful cane-groves answer to the blast,
The bright cucullo* kindles evening's shroud,
While careless, 'neath some favourite plantain cast,
The hardy Montero enjoys his slight repast.

But thou, deep dweller in yon voiceless urn,
Couldst touch, with pencil strong, a different scene,
And show in shades that chill, in tints that burn,
The red brow'd Indian hasting o'er the green
To gaze upon the invader's pallid mien,
In speechless awe or admiration coy,
While, rashly blind to fate, with smile serene
He grasp'd in simple trust the proffer'd toy,
And heap'd his choicest fruits with hospitable joy.

Ah! thou couldst tell of many a deed of shame,
Staining with blood yon vales and fountains clear,
At which the stars did hide their vestal flame
In pity and in awe. Methinks I hear
The blood-hound baying on the startled ear,
Behold the indignant chief with bosom riven,

* An insect which abounds in Cuba, of the nature of the fire-fly, but larger and far more beautifully brilliant.

And the sad tribes who hide the sullen tear,
Turn from the Jesuit stern, and unforgiven
Cling to their fathers' graves, and loathe the Span-
iard's heaven.

And thou, bold, beauteous bay! with every scroll
And banner of the earth so 'gaily drest,
Thou with the same majestic smile dost roll
As when the first prow traced thy startled breast,
Breaking creation's sleep. Why didst thou rest,
And bid no prophet billow wake to chide
Portentous warning of some fearful guest,
When the old world her infant sister spied,
And from the cradle snatch'd, with cold, rapacious
pride?

Why dost thou breathe miasma through the air,
When scarce a zephyr o'er thy surface creeps,
Thou fair and deadly? Why, with syren snare,
Decoy the sailor to thy peopled deeps,
While, in his lonely home, the young bride weeps?
And what avails it then to wake the bloom
Of ocean's flowers where he unconscious sleeps,
Or bid the sea-star light his funeral gloom,
And boss with gleaming pearls his coral-cinctured
tomb.

Adieu, world-giver! thou dost sleep as sweet
As though thy ardent soul had never known
Ingratitude, or treachery, or deceit,
The priestly taunt, or faithless monarch's tone,
Blighting thy hope's young blossoms still unblown.
Is it the hoarse voice of the chafing sea?
Or do I hear thee warn, with hollow tone,
The pausing pilgrim to approach and see
How shadowy earth's applause, how light her obloquy?

So thou didst compass sea and land to save
Thy dust for Cuba's altars, while dull fame
Denies the boon she to that Roman gave,
Whose folly lost a world. Thou who couldst tame
The warring ocean, and volcanic flame
That rives man's mutinous heart, how scant the spot
Accorded to thine ashes! He whose claim
Was to redeem a world from misery's lot,
Thus 'came unto his own, and they received him not.'

STANZAS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

NAY, smile not on me ! I have borne
Indifference and repulse from thee ;
With my heart sickening I have worn
A brow, as thine own cold one, free.
My tone has been as gay as thine,
Ever thine own light mirth repeating,
Though in this burning brain of mine,
A throb, the while, like death, was beating.
My spirit did not shrink or swerve—
Thy look, I thank thee, froze the nerve.

But now again, as when I met
And loved thee in my happier days,
A smile upon thy bright lip plays,
And kindness in thine eye is set,

And this I cannot bear!
It melts the manhood from my pride,
It brings me closer to thy side,
Bewilders, charms me there—
There, where my brightest hope was crush'd and
died.

Oh ! if thou couldst but know the deep
Of love, that hope has nursed for years,
How in the heart's far chambers sleep
Its hoarded thoughts, its trembling fears—
Treasure that love has brooded o'er,
Till life, than this, has nothing more—
And couldst thou—but 'tis vain !
I will not, can not tell thee how
That hoard consumes its coffer now ;
I may not write of pain,
That sickens in the heart, and maddens in the
brain.

No, smile not on me ! pass me by,
Coldly, and with a careless mien ;
'Twill pierce my heart and fill mine eye,
But I shall be, as I have been,

Quiet in my despair !

'Tis better than the throbbing fever
That else were in my brain for ever,
And easier to bear.

I'll not upbraid the coldest look ;

The bitterest word thou hast, in my sad pride, I'll
brook.

THE MOTHER'S VESPER SERVICE.

No tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflow'd
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisp'd her name ;
As living jewels drop'd unstain'd from heaven.

POLLOK.

It was the evening hour. Peace spread her wing,
And underneath its shade, the gentle dew
Fell soothingly on earth, like the fond tears
A mother sheds upon the placid face
Of a beloved child. The list'ning ear
Caught the deep symphonies of nature's voice,
Swelling her song of love. The night breeze struck
Its harp of many chords, and from it woke
Music that seem'd ethereal, like the voice
Of the blest morning stars, when erst they join'd
The song harmonious.

In such an hour

Mine eye, delighted, dwelt upon a spot
That rivall'd Eden's garden. The pure air
Was fraught with perfumed sweets, breathed from the
rose

And honey'd woodbine, while it seem'd to be
A rarer element, in which the soul
Might soar away into the blue expanse,
And, freed from earthliness, become divine.
And there was heard the evening bird's soft strain,
Pour'd from the fragrant bowers, while the moon-
beams,

That sweetly look'd through the rich clustering shade,
Fell on the verdant turf, and to the eye
Form'd a mosaic pavement. An open casement
Look'd out upon this scene, and near it sat
One robed in loveliness, who well might seem
The genius of the place. Aye! she was one
Whose presence ever woke th' admiring glance,
The smile of heartfelt joy, and the deep love
Of every heart. The rose-leaf hue still dwelt
Upon her cheek, while her dark clustering curls
Shaded a brow of whiteness like the snow
When wreath'd by wintry winds, and her mild glance
Was like the light from the sweet star of eve.

O

Why did she seek that spot retired from view?
Was it to weep, or soar on fancy's wing,
Or think of one beloved but far away?
Was it to list her harp Eolian, touch'd
By the soft breath of eve, that idly stirr'd
The silken curtain's folds? No! not for these
She left her friends beloved. She came to soothe
Her infant to its rest. Upon her lap,
Rested a fair young child, its drooping lid
Touch'd by the hand of sleep,—once it was raised
With its long silken lash, as if a doubt
Enter'd that guileless heart. With eager glance
Its mother's face was scann'd, and then it sank
To dreamless rest. Fondly the mother's hand
Roved 'midst the curls of golden hue, and form'd
A coronet for that sweet baby brow:
And then her voice awoke its soothing tones.

“Dearest, sleep! the day is done,
And the dews of night are shed
On each flower, that 'neath the sun
Hung its drooping, fainting head.
Sleep! from care and sorrow free,
Sleep! thy mother watches thee.

“Dearest, sleep! no harm is nigh,
Innocence hath nought to fear,

All is peace in earth and sky,
Sleep, my babe ! no harm is near.
Rest ! from care and sorrow free,
Rest ! thy mother watches thee."

She laid it on its pillow, and then knelt
Beside the bed, with its sweet 'dimpled hand
Resting in hers ; and aspirations deep,
Noiseless, went up to heaven, while on her face
Was set the heart's deep signet, and the seal
Of the immortal mind.

Is there on earth
A scene allied to heaven ? 'tis when the fond,
The trusting mother, bending o'er her child,
Sends up her fervent prayer.

THOU WAST NOT THERE.

BY ROBERT SWEENEY.

I stood within a brilliant hall,
Among the young and gay,
And joyous was the festival,
And loud the revelry.
Why was my spirit dark and dull,
Where all seem'd free from care?—
Why was my heart so sorrowful?

Thou wast not there.

Another sang that simple song,
I oft had heard from thee,
And merry voices 'mid the throng
Recall'd thy notes of glee.
I could not listen to that strain,
That mirth I could not share,
The song, the glee, alike were vain—

Thou wast not there.

Around me flitted many a form
In graceful movement light,
Their cheeks with youth's pure blushes warm,
Their eyes with rapture bright.
I thought of one as light as they,
As exquisitely fair,
And turn'd in bitterness away—

Thou wast not there.

Can splendour to the aching heart
For vanish'd friends atone?
Can pleasure charm us, when we part
From those we loved alone?
Oh no! the humblest cot on earth
With thee I'd rather share,
Than dwell in courts, if, 'mid their mirth,
Thou wast not there.

ARCADIA.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

To Arcady, to Arcady,
Bear me, thou, whose power I own,
By whatever title known,
Spirit of blest poesy !
Back, from this artificial age,
Hence, from this cold and sordid clime,
Where mortals scorn the poet's rage,
And honest poverty is crime,
Speed, to where nature wanders blithe and free,
To Arcady, to Arcady.

Space flies and fades, 'tis past, 'tis gone,
And time again is young :
'Tis won, the golden land is won,
In golden numbers sung.



Mount St. Helens

Phot. by Fred R. Brown

ARCADIA.

BY JAMES N. BAKER.

To Arcady, to Arcady,
Bear me, thou, whose power I own,
By whatever title known,
Space of brief journey
Back, from this artificial age,
Hence, from this cold and sordid clime,
Where mortals scorn the poet's rage,
And honest poverty is crime,
Speed, to where nature wanders blithe and free,
To Arcady, to Arcady.

Space flies and fades, 'tis past, 'tis gone,
And time again is young;
'Tis won, the golden land is won,
In golden numbers sung

Drawn by C. R. Overhill.



Printed on Steel by F. Krump.

ARCADICA.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Alight on some oak cover'd mountain,
There, the birth place of a god ;
Or where bold Alcides trod,
Ere yon lake and ferny fountain
Saw his conquering arm oppose,
And vanquish all his winged foes.
Now to the vale, where, with his shepherd's crook,
Divine Apollo, seated by yon brook,
Sang, to the listening swains,
His heavenly strains.

Lead now along Eurotas' royal tide,
Or by Alpheus, in whose glassy wave
Diana and her maids were wont to lave ;
When the warm river god their forms descried,
And chased the flying nymph, coy Arethuse,
Beneath old ocean's bed,
Where'er her footsteps led,
Till in fair Sicily, thus sings the muse,
The lover in her cold embrace appears,
As, in her maiden grief, she flows a fount of tears.

Up the course of yonder stream,
Glittering in Apollo's beam,
Wend we now, to where resort
The Naiads in their wanton sport ;

Tracing still the crystal rill,
Gurgling from the mossy hill,
Haply startling, as we pass,
Fair ephydriads from the grass,
'Till, upon some sudden turn,
We spy the genius by his urn.

Now the forest we'll explore,
Dell and dingle wander o'er,
And for Pan or dryad look
Into every bosky nook.
All around we meet the throng
Living in immortal song,
God and goddess yet are here,
Hamlet, fane and cot appear;
Flock and herd, and nymph and swain,
Crowding all the smiling plain.

Now to the warrior age, spirit, and tell
Where Mantinea stood;
Where he, the brave, the good,
The boast of Greece, Epaminondas fell:
And how the Grecian sun, thence, palely beam'd;
And, shorn of its renown,
How her bright day went down,

As clouds from Macedon and Rome
Obscured her heaven, and told her doom ;
And the fierce Goth in tempest came,
And red-cross robbers rush'd in flame,
Till through her night an alien crescent gleam'd
From Grecian skies, shedding the withering war,
And Greece lay cold and stark beneath the scimitar.

Drooping spirit, raise thine eyes—
Lo, where Tripolizza lies,
Old Tegea, near the tomb
Where the Theban's laurels bloom,
On his own Mantinean field,
See where stalks the warrior's ghost,
Calling on yon embattled host
For native land to die, or ere they yield.
See you not their columns form,
Mark you not the rush, the storm,
Hear you not the shouts that speak
Triumph to the gallant Greek !
Hark ! the distant hills around,
In echoes, join the glorious sound ;
It is the voice of victory,
The Turk is fled, and Greece is free !

Now o'er temple, town and tower,
Floats the sign of Christian power,

And the palm is borne on high,
While the cross salutes the sky.
Myrtle now, and olive wave
O'er each patriot martyr's grave,
While around the sacred cell
Blooms the yellow asphodel,
And on the cypress, green in grief,
Hangs the bay's exulting leaf.
Now again the grateful soil
Crowns the happy peasant's toil;
Ceres from her affluent horn,
Fills the field with bending corn,
Vine and olive freely shoot,
Garden, orchard yield their fruit,
And flocks and herds again are seen
On the pastures flush and green.

Courted by the spicy gale,
Spirit, let us seek the vale,
Where, upon yon sloping ground,
Apollo's ruin'd fane is found.
There the scented citron glows,
And the sweet pomegranate blows;
There the orange buds unfold
Flowers of odour, fruit of gold.

On this bank of fragrant thyme,
Now the day is in its prime,
Let us seek the shade, and there
Woo, like Cephalus, the air,
And with fair anemonies,
Ope our bosom to the breeze.
Almond here, and grape and fig
Tempt the hand from every twig.
Here a gentle rill is wending,
Vain Narcissus o'er it bending,
While the bank from which it gushes,
With the purple violet blushes.
Rose and hyacinth are springing,
Bees are humming, birds are singing ;
All is fresh and sweet and gay,
As a poet's dream of May.
See, upon yon mossy rock,
Where a shepherd, near his flock,
Plucks the cistus, which his fair
Places in her sunny hair,
While she lists with conscious ear,
To what lovers love to hear.

* * * * *

Spirit, I must back again
To the haunts of worldly men.
Wonder not this lovely sight,
To my cot should speed my flight.
It may have a homelier dress,
But it holds my shepherdess;
And with love to aid, and you,
Bland magicians, it may do :
With love and you, the wilderness may be
An Arcady, a golden Arcady.

STANZAS.

BY FREDERIC S. ECKARD.

TRAVELLER, faint not on the road,
Droop not in the parching sun,
Onward, onward, with thy load,
'Till the night be won ;
Swerve not, though thy bleeding feet
Fain the narrow path would leave—
From the burthen and the heat
Thou shalt rest at eve.

'Midst a world that round thee fades,
Brightening stars and twilight life,
When a sacred calm pervades
All that now is strife,
Rich the joy to be reveal'd
In that hour from labour free,

Bright the splendours that shall yield
Happiness to thee.

Master of a holy charm !
Yet be patient on thy way,
Use the spell, and check the harm
That would lead astray ;
From the petty cares that teem,
Turn thee, with prophetic eye,
To the glory of that dream
Which shall never die.

By the mystery of thy trust !
By the grandeur of that hour,
When mortality and dust
Clothed eternal power !
By the purple robe of shame,
The mockery and the insulting rod,
By the anguish that o'ercame
The incarnate God !

Faint not, fail not ! be thou strong ;
Cast away distrust and fear,

Though the weary day seems long,
Yet the night is near:
Friends and kindred wait beyond,
They who pass'd the trial pure—
Traveller, by that holy bond
Shrink not to endure !

GILES HEATHERBY, THE FREE TRADER.

BY GODFREY WALLACE.

BRIGHT Chesapeake! unrivalled bay! Well did the
Indian, as he gazed upon thy broad and verging sur-
face,

‘Now spangled with sunbeams, now dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh blowing gale,’

well did he name thee ‘mother of waters;’ deeming
that thou wert that mighty deep, the bourn of the
rivers of the land. The light canoe, which once
skimmed thy clear expanse, or bounded over thy
mimic waves, has long since rotted on thy shore with
the woods from which it came. War has shaken its
fierce pennon, and rolled its thunders over thy tide;
and in their turn, the white sails of peaceful commerce
have borne upon thee the burthens of countless wealth.

Still, still, thou art the bright Chesapeake, fair as when the reflected forest girded thee about, and the Indian was master of thy waters. Man has changed, and forest has fallen ; but thou art as ever, matchless and unrivalled.

A strong north west wind had blown, for many days, down the bay above mentioned, and detained at anchor a small vessel, which would willingly have made its way against it. The schooner, for such it was, thus wind bound, lay in the entrance of South river, and under the lee of a narrow and thickly wooded point, which here thrust its bluff extremity into the Chesapeake.

In modern times, the dark appearance of the schooner, its black hull and yards, unrelieved by the dingy yellow of the naked masts, would have excited disagreeable suspicions in the mind of the passing mariner ; and, even at the period of our story, about the year 174—, there was that in the general aspect of the vessel, which, almost indescribably, was calculated to make the fair trader give it a wide birth on meeting : though perhaps, after all, its distinctive marks were to be found only in the trig and seamanlike style in which the sails were bound to the spars, the taughtness of the running rigging, and the fresh paint which gleamed upon the sides. In the bay phrase,

it was a 'clever craft,' but still had a rakish look about it, not common to an every day acquaintance, a *noli me tangere* cut, which cried 'hands off' to all new comers. The smoke, that curled from the caboose or galley, and spread itself among the rigging, was, for some time, the only evidence that the schooner was inhabited. At last, however, the head of a sailor slowly emerged above the comings of the fore hatch, and the whole man soon after appeared, in his full proportions, upon the deck. He looked about him, as if to ascertain the state of wind and weather, walked to the dog-vane on the taffrail, shook the hour-glass, whose sand had nearly run, peered over the bow, to see how the tide set against the cable, and finally disappeared down the companion way. In a short time he returned to the deck, accompanied by two persons, whose appearance indicated a higher rank. The first was evidently the master of the vessel—a short spare man, of the middle age, upon whose face warmer suns than that of America had left their token, in an almost olive complexion. His features were strongly, but not disagreeably marked. On the contrary, there was much good humour in the twinkle of the small gray eye, which glanced rapidly around, from beneath the heavy fleshy lid above it; and it was only in the firm

compression of the thin colourless lips, that the spirit to control the crew of his vessel could be recognized. His dress was that of a sailor, in his 'go ashore' habit, with the exception of a silver hilted cutlass, swinging at his side. His companion was a young man, of perhaps eight and twenty, above the middle size, and dressed after the fashion of a gentleman of the time, bold and forward in his carriage, yet not ungraceful,—frank indeed, rather than rude or coarse, and of an open hearted expression of countenance, and pleasant smile, which more than atoned for any brusquerie of manner. They both, like the sailor, noted wind and tide; and the master, after having finished his observations, gave a few short quiet orders to the man who had summoned him on deck. By this time, the mates, two thorough-going seamen in their appearance, had joined the trio near the main hatch, and the loud, shrill whistle of the sailor first mentioned brought at least twenty hands from below, to obey the orders of the commander. The effect of these was apparent in a few moments. The hand spikes were thrust into the windlass, and a dozen turns were sufficient to trip the anchor, in the shallow water off the point. Another turn, and the schooner was free. The head fell off from the wind, as the jib was run up, and fore and main sail swelling as they

were extended to the generous breeze, the vessel shot from beneath the land, and sped across the bay, towards the opposite and low shores of Kent island. Topsails and gaff topsails were now added; and, with all her canvass set, the schooner flew gallantly along. When their immediate services were no longer wanted, the crew, one by one, silently disappeared, leaving those only upon deck, who were essential to the attempt, now made, to beat the vessel against the northwester, in her course up the Chesapeake.

During all this time, the master had been busily engaged, and now that the schooner was fairly under weigh, he rejoined the young man, before alluded to. "Off at last," was his first sentence; "and if the wind don't rise, and the tide runs as it does now, an hour will see us at the mouth of Severn." "High time we were there," was the reply: "thou didst bargain, captain, to land me at home a week since; but thou hast hugged Thomas's point, as if it were thy mistress; refused to let me land, refused to send thy boat up with me, and kept me for the sake of my society, more a prisoner than a passenger." "Hoot, man, there it is again. How often have I told thee, that when I left the West Indies, where the bargain thou speakest of was made, I had no idea of finding a

king's vessel upon the waters of the Chesapeake. There's no use in mincing matters, master Orrin, and my trade wont bear inquiry." "Sure enough, captain Giles Heatherby," answered the other, laughing; "I verily believe thee, man: and I thank thee from my heart, that, when Beckett brought the tidings that a-cruiser was in the Severn, thou didst not cut cable, make all sail, and away, before the northwester, to the ocean." "Faith, master Orrin, it was not for want of inclination, but for want of time. Beckett chose, like a fool, to lose himself in the woods on his way from town, where I sent him when the northwester first drove me under the point, and the king's ship came down by water, as fast as Beckett brought the tidings by land. I have no objection to a fight when there's a chance for a free trader; but when I saw the sails of the cruiser, from royals to courses, sweeping down the bay, and could count her teeth grinning on me in the twilight, as I followed her with the glass—I tell thee, master Orrin, I wished thee at the very devil, or at least safe in the West Indies. Nothing but the twilight saved the Sea Bird from the king's docks, and Giles Heatherby from"—Heatherby here made a significant motion with the fore finger of his right hand, casting, at the same time, a glance to the end of the fore topsail

yard of the Sea Bird, which left no doubt of his meaning.

"However, as I said before, that's past, and so no more of it. I've waited, until I'm sure the enemy 's departed; and now, with the bay to myself—and it 's not the first time either—I'll try, when I do leave it, to leave it in ballast only." "And I suppose, captain Heatherby, that thou hast held me fast, to make all safe." Giles shrugged his shoulders at this remark of Orrin, and with his peculiar, but good natured smile, answered, "Why, thou mightst have said, that perchance the Sea Bird's cargo was not invoiced, or cleared; and they set more value upon those invoices here, than among the islands, or on the main. And besides that, I loved thee, man, and wanted thy company. As it is, I'll land thee safe; and should there ever be a quarrel about invoices, I'll expect thee to stand my friend. Thou hast been my passenger from the West Indies, and by this time knowest the Sea Bird and her master; and the master trusts thee." The last words were uttered in a low and serious tone, and with marked emphasis. The appeal was not to be misunderstood, and Orrin answered, "Yes, Heatherby, had I known thy free trade notions sooner, I scarce had troubled thee with my company. Some of thy meetings on the ocean

let me into thy secrets; but thou hast acted truly by me, and thou mayest trust me." "I do," was the reply; "and I yet may stead thee still further, than with a passage from the Gulph."

During the latter part of this conversation, the schooner had rapidly neared the shore of Kent island, and the smoother water, immediately ahead, showed, that in another moment the vessel would be upon the flats. "Helm a-lee!" shouted the master, and the instant after, the schooner ran, all shaking, into the wind. As the starboard jib sheet was still held taught, the head fell to leeward, the topsail yards were pointed in another direction, and before the vessel had lost its way, every sail was filled, and upon the long leg of the tack, the Sea Bird stretched up for the mouth of the Severn. Onward she sped, though now with less velocity than before, for now was her time of struggle with the wind; and with every sail close hauled, and sometimes even shivering, as she luffed more and more up the bay, to clear the flats to leeward, the schooner, to use sailor phrase, crawled steadily along. At last the mouth of the river opened over the larboard bow, and Heatherby gave orders to bear away, for the purpose of entering it. The sailor on duty had already put his helm up, when Orrin sprang forward, and with a powerful arm again luffed

the vessel on the course she was leaving. Heatherby's eyes flashed fire, at this interference of his passenger; and in short fierce tones, he ordered him below, and advanced as if to strike the seaman, who had permitted his command to be disobeyed. With his right hand still on the tiller, and thrusting the helmsman behind him with the other, Orrin stood between Heatherby and the sailor. "Stand off, captain Giles Heatherby," he said, "and lay not thy hand on the hilt of the cutlass. Nay, tell me not that thou art master of the schooner, with such round oaths," he continued, as the other, in vehement language, would have interrupted him: "I know it, man, I know it; but I know still better the harbour of Annapolis. Look at that sand bar, the end of which will soon be off the larboard quarter, and tell me how the Sea Bird would have appeared, high and dry upon it, when the tide fell." Orrin pointed to the bar, as he spoke, clearly defined by the comparative smoothness of the water above it. "There, take the helm now," he added to the terrified sailor behind him, "and bear away until you open yon cleared field upon the tall tree on the bank, then luff until you have the Severn straight before you;—bear away again, when you range that house with the opening in the woods, and you may anchor any where, near

the long low point putting out to the right of the town." He left the helm, as he spoke, and advanced towards Heatherby, who stood, convinced of the necessity of the interference which had so provoked him, conscious of the apology which he owed, and yet reluctant to make it. "Are we to be friends, captain Giles," said Orrin, holding out his hand, "or must we quarrel in the last half hour of our three weeks' voyage?" The firm compression of the other's lips gradually relaxed, the deep furrow disappeared from between his brows, the steady fixedness of his eye yielded to the usual expression of good humour, as he took the proffered hand, and answered, "Nay, we quarrel not now, master Orrin; thou didst move me much though. It was for common safety, however, and let it pass. Thou knowest," he continued—passing his arm through his companion's, and moving from the immediate neighbourhood of the helmsman—"Thou knowest the tenure of my command here. I am obeyed, because the rascals under me fear me, and have confidence in my skill; and with the like of them, it's better to be high and dry on a sand bar, than, having once given an order, to change it. A few more such interferences, and every scoundrel would presume to cry 'starboard,' when I cried 'port.'" Further conversation there was, between

the master and his passenger, until the schooner's course was laid direct to her intended anchorage. The topsails were clewed up, the gaff topsails brought upon the deck, the flying jib and foresail hauled down, and, under jib and mainsail and with diminished speed, the vessel approached the long, low point indicated by Orrin. Gradually, the remaining canvass was taken in, and like one wearied with a toilsome journey, the Sea Bird offered but small resistance, when the anchor dropped from the bows, and moving sluggishly on, she was brought up at the extremity of the cable that was allowed her.

It was evening, just before the setting of an autumnal sun, that the schooner thus terminated her voyage, and dropped anchor in the port of her immediate destination. She formed another picturesque object in a landscape surpassingly beautiful. She had left the broad waters of the bay, and directly before her, at the bottom of a small, and now unruffled cove, lay nestled, the village or town of Annapolis, then the principal place in the province of Maryland. To the right, the eye followed the blue waters of the Severn into the dim perspective. To the left, the meanderings of a broad and tranquil creek, dark with the shadows of the trees lining its banks, were lost behind the town. Nearer the bay, point and headland pro-

jected, on either side, into the Severn; and the low distant shore of Kent island bounded the landscape in that direction. Save where the little town dotted the eminence on which it stood, the land around presented the rich hues of cultivation, or laughed under the yellow sunlight, in all the gay and gorgeous tints of the autumnal forests of America; and the sheets of water were either darkened to a deeper blue by the last breathings of the northwester, or lay the undisturbed mirrors of the beauty of the land. In the centre of all, was the Sea Bird; every sail snug, every rope taught, and presenting, to the seaman's eye, a perfect gem of the ocean.

As soon as the vessel had anchored, Heatherby left her to the command of his mate, and together with Orrin, whose preparations had been previously made, was pulled in the schooner's boat to the wharf or quay of the town. Few words were exchanged between the master and his passenger, in their short passage to the shore; both were absorbed in their own reflections; and the boat struck the land, before either appeared to recollect, that 'farewell' was yet to be uttered. A cordial shake of the hand, a 'God bless you' on one side, 'we'll meet again, may be' on the other, was the brief parting; after which,

Orrin, making his way through the crowd of idlers collected at the landing, hastened up into the town.

Orrin Lacy, whom we have heretofore spoken of under the familiar name of Orrin, was the only son of one of the most respectable Catholic families of Maryland. At the usual age, he had been sent to Europe to receive his education, and after an absence of many years, had now returned to the place of his nativity. True, Orrin had not been employed all this while in black letter studies, under the good Jesuits at St Omers. He had travelled as a man of fortune, had been engaged in extensive speculations as an enterprising merchant, had visited home once during that period, and was on his second return when first introduced to our readers. He had sailed from Europe to the West Indies, in a hope of obtaining a passage from thence to Maryland; and falling in with Heatherby, whose destination suited him, without very particular inquiry, had joined his schooner on her voyage to the province.

Who Giles Heatherby was, was no secret on the Spanish Main, or in the West India islands; nor, as it would seem from the kindly greetings which he received from several at landing, was it a secret in Annapolis. Half smuggler, half buccaneer, his crew and himself could alone tell where his cargoes came

from. People had their suspicions. Some of his men had left the several ports where they were known, sound and smooth, and had returned, maimed and scarred; and there were persons who had noticed recent shot marks, carefully concealed, in the hull of the Sea Bird. But Heatherby was a warm friend, and an inveterate enemy; and it ill became his customers, at least so they thought, to inquire how it was, that even with the duties paid, he could undersell the market.

"First for my father, and then for Alice," thought Orrin, almost audibly, after parting with the captain of the schooner. "Two years absence—and she scarce knew how I loved her when we parted. Ah"—and the sigh might be heard, though the words could not—"those two years may have undone me." His further reflections of this sort were interrupted by his arrival at his home. He made the house re-echo, as he struck the huge knocker of polished brass, which reflected the neighbourhood, in all the contortions of scroll and moulding. The door was opened by the gray headed negro, who had been gray when Orrin was an infant; and the next instant, the traveller was clasped in the arms of his relatives. "Orrin, my boy; Orrin, my own son; dear, dear Orrin," came at the same moment, from father, mo-

ther and sisters, followed by all the rapid gratulations of affection. It was some time before any thing like a connected narrative of what had happened since they parted, could be obtained from either Orrin or his friends. The brief outlines of the traveller's history, we have already given: and, in general terms, the elder Lacy alluded to the situation of the province, evidently and purposely turning the conversation to domestic incidents in the family. Hour after hour went by, in this manner, until, at last, pleading an engagement, which all understood, Orrin rose to pay his intended visit to Alice. His father followed him from the room, and both, taking their hats and cloaks, left the house together. Then it was, that the elder Lacy went fully, and in detail, into the situation of the province, and revealed to his son a state of things of which the latter was wholly unconscious.

"Orrin, my boy," continued the father, "the faith of our ancestors is made unto us a mark of infamy, and in the name of Catholic, there is held to centre all that is base and opprobrious. Under pretence of religion, our opponents would hunt us as wild beasts, and the night alone saves us from insult, as we now walk the streets of Annapolis. Look," pursued he, raising his cloak at the same time, and displaying the long rapier which, unseen by his son, he had girded

to his side, when they left the house ; " look, Orrin, at the only safeguard of the persecuted Catholic." The father paused for a moment, and then went on. " In vain have we remonstrated : the Catholic is too vile even to be heard. Our lands are burthened with double taxation ; as citizens we are disfranchised ; as men we are insulted on our hearthstones. The council takes from the Catholic his very children, lest in their mother's milk they suck the seeds of infamy and perdition"—the voice of the old man became almost suffocated, as he thus detailed the wrongs of his sect—" and yet, Orrin," he concluded in smothered tones, " we bear it all." The reply of Orrin was that of excited passion. His blood rushed fiercely through his veins ; and when his father told him that the Catholics held a meeting that very night, to consult on the course to be pursued by them, even Alice was forgotten, in his anxiety to be present at the deliberations. Nor was the elder Lacy unwilling that his son should stand forward in a cause, which he considered to be that of his Maker ; and without hesitation, he at once led Orrin to the place appointed for the assembly.

History has informed us of the conduct of the Catholics in Maryland, during the persecution which they endured ; and the proceedings of the midnight meet-

ing, to which Orrin was introduced, were illustrated, subsequently, in the events of the day. Resistance was in vain. Religious enthusiasm could not supply the defect of numbers, when the same moving spirit was equally powerful on both sides; and a voluntary exile was at last decided upon, as the only means of preserving life, fortune and honour. "Carroll," said the speaker, who last addressed the assembled Catholics, "is at this moment in France, invested with full power to obtain for us a portion of the southern part of this mighty continent. Our brother in the faith, the French king, can scarcely refuse us an asylum, in the boundless wilderness which he possesses; and though we have to raise new temples to our God, kindle new fires upon fresh hearthstones, and beg fellowship with the savage for our daily bread; yet our temples will be undefiled, our hearthstones our own, and our bread eaten in peace and quietness." Among the audience, there had been some who had urged violent measures, others again who had proposed continued remonstrance; but the conclusion to which all finally came, was, to bear quietly and as best they might, the insults to which their faith subjected them, until the time arrived, when they could withdraw themselves from their persecutors.

The assembly which had conducted its deliberations

with grave and almost portentous silence, now broke up, and ere its members separated for the night, they conversed, one with another, though still in whispered tones, more familiarly than the preceding debate had permitted. Orrin thus became acquainted with much that his father had not been able to communicate; and when he left the room with the rest, he admitted to himself, that the sufferings of kindred and friends created a feeling in his breast, almost as powerful as his love for Alice.

And who was Alice, whom we have thus introduced into our narrative? Alice Redmond was a Catholic orphan, with enough of beauty to make her the reigning toast of the county of Anne Arundel, before Catholic was a name of scorn, and enough of the world's gear to place her beyond the reach of pecuniary misfortune. Alice Redmond was three and twenty, above rather than under the middle size, skilled in the accomplishments of the day, and with all woman's pride and maiden dignity of feeling, and all woman's warm and generous affections clustering round her heart. Naturally gay and cheerful in her temper, was Alice Redmond; but the late religious persecutions had saddened her usual disposition, and, avoiding all society, Alice found herself in a short time almost wholly neglected by those of whom she

had once been the centre and the life. She resided with distant connexions, differing from her in faith, looking at her, recently, with distrust, and offering her few inducements to leave the privacy which she had voluntarily chosen.

The future was now so gloomy to the most sanguine Catholic in Maryland, that Alice was excusable if she sought comfort, during her lonely hours, in recollections of the past. Among the numerous passages which she from time to time recalled, there was one on which her memory dwelt frequently and fondly. It was her acquaintance with Orrin Lacy. True, no words had passed between them, telling of affection; but Alice thought that the eyes of Orrin could not be misunderstood; and her only fear was, that her own had, at times, been telltales. She had seen the Sea Bird win its way into the mouth of the river, and, with a vague feeling of expectation, had watched it from her window, as it slept upon the water, until the twilight concealed it from her view; and when her servant caught the rumour, that Orrin Lacy had returned, and repeated it to Alice, she felt, she knew not why, that the intelligence was any thing but unexpected. That night flew with bright dreams to Alice: but, when hour after hour passed by on the ensuing day, and Orrin did not appear, to pay the

common civilities, even of old acquaintance, she found herself, almost unconsciously, repeating the question, "can he have forgotten me?" and felt her vanity and her pride both touched by his apparent neglect. Evening found Alice seated in the drawing room, now an unusual place for her, and a common observer might have noticed the eager attention with which she listened to the slightest sound that reached her ears from without the mansion. At last there was a quick knock at the outer door, a rapid step in the passage, and the next moment Orrin Lacy was in the drawing room.

How much are we the creatures of circumstances! How little are we under our own control! Had Orrin not appeared, Alice would have been miserable; all her pride notwithstanding: and now that he was before her, fear lest her greeting should betray her feelings, perhaps some pique at the lateness of his visit, gave a cold formality to her manners, that at once checked and mortified the only person whom at that moment she cared to please. Orrin withdrew his proffered hand, and, with constrained civility, inquired after the health of Mistress Alice Redmond; who, in her turn endeavoured, and with too much success for the feelings of her lover, to manifest the same indifference. In this manner, an half hour went

slowly by ; wretched to each of them ; neither understanding the other ; and both, by every word they spoke, widening the breach thus unintentionally made between them. Orrin had once or twice risen to depart, yet still lingered in the room, hoping he scarce knew what ; and he now stood beside the table in the centre of the apartment, idly turning over the various articles upon it. His eye rested at last upon a set of ivory tablets, which he well recollected to have belonged to Alice. As he opened them, his attention was immediately attracted ; his eye changed its expression, and, with the tablets in his hand, and every feature lighted up with joy, he approached the spot where Alice was seated. His changed manner was remarked by her ; and, seeing the tablets, she started, as if to take them from him ; her face, at the same time, covered with blushes. " Nay, Mr Lacy," she began—" Say me not nay, loveliest and best beloved Alice," interrupted he, raising the tablets beyond her reach with one hand, and with the other leading her to the sofa, from whence she had risen ; " these slips of ivory are of more worth to me, than the revenue of the British empire. Nay, then, that inquiring look forces me to explain. Dost thou not recollect the summer evening when we parted, and when I told thee, that, like a true knight, I would leave

my motto as my remembrancer, and wrote upon these very tablets, 'Fidélité et Esperance : ' and dost thou not recollect, fair Alice, that, at thy bidding, I erased the 'Esperance,' and left 'Fidélité' remaining, so solitarily, on the ivory? Nay, then, turn not away, for my tale is but half told. The knight went to foreign climes, with a heavy heart, and on his return believed, from her manner, that his lady was indifferent; until he finds, written by her own fair hand, the 'Esperance' which she bade him erase, and sees, from the date below, that a week has not elapsed, since the lady, in her own heart, promised 'Esperance' to the true knight. Say to me, loveliest Alice, have I told the tale truly?"

Poor Alice, while Orrin spoke, had hid her face on her arm, as she leaned it on the high back of the sofa, and made no answer to his earnest questionings. Misunderstanding, however, was now over; and without detailing the further conversation of the lovers, it is sufficient for our readers to know, that when they separated that evening, their mutual faith was plighted.

True to the policy which they had adopted, at the meeting we have adverted to, the Catholics refrained, as far as possible, from provoking any aggression on the part of their religious opponents, looking forward

steadily to the time, when they might depart into voluntary exile.

Among others who were thus forbearing, although with the least good will, and perhaps, with the worst grace, was the younger Lacy. Once or twice, indeed, his hand had been upon the hilt of the sword, which he, in common with the other Catholics, was now obliged to wear for his personal protection, and bloodshed was only prevented by the accidental and fortunate presence of a friend. That friend, on these occasions, was no less a personage than captain Giles Heatherby, who passed himself for a merchant-trader, managed to keep out of sight more than the complement of men proper for the character which he assumed for the *Sea Bird*, and who trafficked as freely in Annapolis, as if he had been a denizen of the place. He was almost constantly to be found in the streets or about the landing; hushed suspicion by the publicity of his proceedings; and, with all ready for a moment's start, acted, as if he, of all men, would be the least under the necessity of flight. There were many who knew him, but he had made secrecy their interest; others again suspected him; and some believed him to be every thing that he represented. Heatherby's safety lay in the cheapness of his wares, his accommodating terms, and a lavish distribution of

underhand presents to those whose duty it was to protect the revenues of the king and the lord proprietary. There were many indeed above the means used by Heatherby to effect his ends; but these were most sedulously avoided. The aristocracy of the province, with few exceptions, and the executive government knew little of Giles Heatherby, save that he was a trader, whose long low schooner occasionally entered the harbour of Annapolis.

A month might have elapsed, since the arrival of the *Sea Bird* in the waters of the Chesapeake, and she still lay before the town, as snugly and quietly as when she first dropped anchor. Heatherby pursued his commercial views with unwonted success; while Orrin, despite the frowns of Alice Redmond's relations, passed most of his time in her presence. Although betrothed, no day had been appointed for their marriage; but, by a tacit consent, they seemed disposed to wait, until happier times shone upon the Catholics in Maryland. In the mean while, the elder Lacy and his family treated Alice as though she were already a daughter or a sister, not only for Orrin's sake, but for her own; while she, in her turn, often soothed the excited feelings of the old man, and with her stronger intellect, and more buoyant spirits,

cheered and consoled the female members of his household.

Orrin had been absent on a visit to a friend's house, and on his return, late one afternoon, found that Alice had just left his sisters, with whom she had spent part of the day, on her return home. He hastened to overtake her. His nearest and most direct course was over the hill, on which stood the statehouse. Another route, and that which he well knew had been taken by Alice, was a circuitous one by the landing place. If I turn to the right, he thought, I shall scarcely overtake her; if I go the short cut by the statehouse, I shall reach her own door before her. Orrin did not forget, that the Catholics were prohibited from passing in front of the statehouse; but he forgot the caution, which he had hitherto observed, and walked rapidly up the hill. As he turned the corner of a building, which had concealed from his view the summit of the eminence, he saw collected there, a group of men, who, to judge from the loudness of their tones, were in angry altercation. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not retire; but discarding the prudential doubt from his mind, he advanced hastily to the spot. Before he could reach it, there was a quick movement in the crowd, and the next instant, he saw a single man keeping at

bay a number of assailants. "Kill the Catholic! down with the worshipper of idols! death to the son of Baal!" were the shouts which came from the latter; while, with surpassing skill, the intended victim parried the blows aimed at his life, and slowly retreated as he did so. With a single bound, Orrin was at the side of Giles' Heatherby; for it was the buccaneer, whose religion, for the first time in his life perhaps, had thus brought him into trouble. "Faith, master, thou art in time," said the captain of the Sea Bird, retreating for an instant to the rear of Orrin, and leaving him alone, to repel the enraged enthusiasts. Heatherby made use of this momentary breathing time, to blow a small whistle, in a shrill and peculiar tone, and ere the last vibration had ceased to sound, he was again by the side of Orrin. A minute might have elapsed, when the two Catholics found themselves most efficiently supported. First one, and then another, and another of Heatherby's sailors answered the well known whistle, until ten of them were rallied in defence of their captain. The Catholics were now the assailants, and in a few seconds were masters of the field. Orrin was slightly wounded, and three of the protestants were groaning upon the ground. There was no time or cause for congratulation. "Away to the schooner, if ye can; if not

to the hut," said Heatherby to his sailors, who waited no second bidding. "And now, Master Orrin, we must fly," continued the captain. "Annapolis and Maryland will both be too hot for us: I shall be the first attacked, and thou wilt be the next; and if either of us be caught, why then farewell to daylight and the Sea Bird. Fool too that I was, to let the jibes and jeers, or even the downright insults of a few hot headed religionists, make me turn brawler in the streets. If I am a Catholic, I am a free trader; and the free trader turns fool, when he talks of his own or any man's creed; and greater fool when cold steel follows his words." As he spoke, Heatherby hurried Orrin down the hill, and gained the shelter of some buildings, in one of the diverging streets. The quarrel, the fight, the retreat had begun and concluded so rapidly, that now, for the first time, Orrin was able to collect his thoughts, and consider his situation. Under existing circumstances, he well knew, that the chances of life were but slight in his favour, against the infuriated mob, which a short time would collect; and though Heatherby might be the first object of their vengeance, he with equal certainty would be the second. But Alice, what would become of Alice, if he fled? "I cannot go with thee," at last he said, "unless another is the companion of my flight,

Heatherby. Therefore seek thine own safety, man, and leave me to manage as I may." "Nay, nay," was the reply; "that will never do; thine arm saved me in this foolish brawl, Master Orrin, and I leave not the water of the bay without thee. This much I swear. I stay not for parley now, or the Sea Bird may be lost to us both: but meet me, an hour hence, under the bank to the left of Carroll's house, at the hut thou wilt find there; or if that may not be, the schooner shall never leave Thomas's point, until she picks thee up at it. Come single or double, it is all the same. Europe, perhaps, may receive once more the persecuted Catholics." Heatherby disappeared down a narrow alley, as he uttered the last words, leaving Orrin alone in the street. It was now twilight, and the town, notwithstanding the late rencounter, was still and quiet; and Orrin, availing himself of that, which he knew would not long continue, hastened to the residence of Alice. He found her at her usual seat in the drawing room, and fortunately alone.

"Alice," he said, as he entered, and seated himself beside her, "misfortune hath at last come, most visibly, upon us, and again I must leave my country." Alice looked at him in speechless astonishment; the ashy paleness of her face showing the almost mortal effect of his sudden annunciation. She uttered no sound,

but gazed on him so inquiringly, that her very eyes seemed to ask audibly the meaning of his words. Had Orrin wished convincing proof of unalterable love, it would have been found in the appearance of Alice at this moment. "Forgive me, my own best beloved," he continued, "if, for an instant, I have blanched thy cheek: but the full heart stays not ere it speaks, even when affection would check its utterance. Blood has been spilt this evening: the cause has been still this unhappy difference of creeds; and flight, to preserve life, has become inevitable." Orrin then proceeded to state to Alice the particulars of the rencontre before the statehouse, and his fear as to its consequences. "But why leave the land?" at last answered Alice: "thy interference, Orrin, was to protect one against many; and for thee, personally, there can be no apprehension." "Fanaticism, not justice, presides, where the Catholic is a party," replied Orrin; "or I would not fear the result. As it is, even the courts might not acquit me, if the populace suffered me to live until my trial." Alice wrung her hands and wept in utter despair, as her lover went more into detail, in explaining the causes of his apprehension. "And is there no way to avoid this last, bitterest pang?" she said, her full streaming eyes raised devoutly to heaven as she spoke; "can I not be spared it?" "Yes,

Alice, dearest and best," answered Orrin, to her almost unconscious ejaculation; "be mine, now and for ever. In postponing our union hitherto, we have looked forward to brighter days. These are now too far removed—beyond the reach of anticipation. Be mine, then, now, my betrothed wife." And Orrin urged his claim, with all the fond solicitations of affection. Alice shook her head once or twice, as he proceeded; but her resolution was not proof against his entreaties. He took her passive hand, and when he again repeated his request, her assent was almost inaudible, from the sobs that accompanied it. But she did assent; and Orrin, falling on his knees at her feet, covered with kisses the small and delicate hand clasped in his own, and thanked her with all the devoutness of gratitude. He only ceased his thanks, on hearing a foot fall behind him; and rising from his kneeling attitude, he saw Heatherby standing at his side.

"Captain Heatherby! whence this unauthorised intrusion?" were the first words that fell from Orrin, addressed to the new comer; while Alice, recovering herself, at the excited tone of Orrin, listened long enough to the scene, to understand its import, and then left the apartment. "Stay, stay, Master Orrin," interrupted Heatherby; "this is no time for quarrel. That lady, doubtless, is the companion you mentioned,

and I only pray she is ready for her journey. My communication with the schooner is cut off. The Sea Bird must wing her way without me, for the present. The town is not yet stirred; but soon will be: the soldiers are among the people; they have found out, all of them, for the first time, the knaves, that I am buccaneer and free trader; and unless we reach the hut in the next half hour, we are undone; not I, Giles Heatherby, only, but you, Orrin Lacy, and your love." Few were the words, after this, which passed between the two. Heatherby undertook to manage every thing, even to having the priest at the hut, provided no delay was made. Alice reappeared, with all her wonted firmness; and, in a few short minutes after the arrival of Heatherby, the three, accompanied by a sailor, bearing Alice's hastily collected apparel, took their way to the hut. They made a wide circuit through the fields, at the back of the town, wound along under the banks of the creek, and at last reached the rendezvous of the buccaneer. This was the rudely constructed log dwelling of a fisherman, and had been, hitherto, the unsuspected resort of Heatherby and his crew. The site on which it stood was but recently occupied by the wretched hovel of a pauper oysterman and his wife, almost old enough to have recollected the scenes

of the present narrative, and the butts of the school boy republicans in the now decayed city of Annapolis. Here Heatherby left Orrin and Alice, with the sailor who had accompanied them in their flight; and after a short absence, returned with the elder Lacy, and a person whom Orrin recognised as the most energetic of the speakers at the meeting of the Catholics, before alluded to. This last, Heatherby, in brief phrase, told Orrin, was the priest. The greeting between the younger Lacy and his father was silent and affecting; but was quickly interrupted by the master of the *Sea Bird*, who, restless and uneasy, urged the immediate performance of the ceremony. "My boat will speedily be here, I hope," he said; "and unless we soon reach the schooner, farther flight may be unnecessary and impossible." Thus admonished, hasty preparations were made to comply with the rites of the church. The priest drew from a small bundle, his cassock and scapulary, and invested himself with them. The ship's lantern, which hung from the roof tree, was turned, so as to throw its rays full upon the countenance of the holy man. Two brands, lighted at the fire on the hearth, and composed of the resinous knots of the pine, were held by Heatherby and one of his sailors, on either side, and filled the interior of the hut with a bright flickering glare. Alice stood

between her future husband and his father, supported on the arms of both; pale as the shadow of beauty, but calm and self possessed under the temporary excitement of her feelings. In the back ground, were the hard features of a few of the Sea Bird's sailors, parties in the fray of the afternoon, and now hovering about the rendezvous; and farther still, upon the sides of the hut, the eye glanced upon the bright steel of offensive and mortal weapons, hung there for the nonce. All was now arranged; and after a few preparatory admonitions, the priest commenced the ceremony, in tones low, but full and deeply impressive, and continued uninterrupted, until he had united, by the strongest of all earthly ties, the kneeling couple before him. Orrin had seen the ceremony performed in the cathedral and in the palace, when all that art could do was done, to add to the solemnity of the occasion; but never had the obligation appeared so awfully binding, as when administered in the buccaneer's rendezvous, on the waters of the Chesapeake.

The marriage was now concluded, and the elder Lacy was repeating, in trembling accents, the benediction just pronounced by the priest, when the door of the hut was pushed quickly open, and one of the Sea Bird's sailors entered, alarmed and breathless. "Well, Beckett, what's in the wind?" asked Heath-

erby, whose ear and eye were ever on the watch. "Are they coming this way? speak man, and at once. Here are ten of us, and the hut may be defended: though 'twere folly too," he half muttered to himself. "No, you are safe," answered Beckett; "but the schooner, the Sea Bird——" "Well, what of her, knave?" exclaimed the other, anxiously. "They'll board her from the land, in the next ten minutes. No word has reached her; the people and the soldiers have the boats; and the craft's gone, captain Heatherby, and we are not aboard, to lend a hand." "Is that all?" answered the master: "thinkest thou they will take the Sea Bird unawares?" "I don't know," replied Beckett; "but had I been on board, and known of the storm brewing, the anchor had been up an hour since." The latter part of the remark was not heard by Heatherby, who left the hut, followed by all save the agitated bride, her husband, and his father. Even the priest joined the sailors, in the anxiety of the moment. Orrin strove in vain to impart some cheerfulness of feeling to his companions; but his own forced attempts yielded to the melancholy circumstances of the hour; and in silence they awaited tidings and directions from the moving spirit on the occasion, the captain of the Sea Bird.

On leaving the hut, Heatherby and his companions

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moved along the beach of the creek to a bend, from which they could distinctly see the schooner, quietly and unsuspectingly riding at anchor off Wind-mill point. And scarcely ever did the eye rest upon a lovelier scene, than that which now presented itself. The moon, two days past the full, had just risen over Kent island, and showed a silvery path across the broad Chesapeake, formed by the reflection on the almost unruffled water. Behind the schooner, were the bluff points which jutted into the Severn, now made more prominent by the moonlight. In the foreground, and to the right was the still creek, with its broad dark shadows. To the left, lay the town, sleeping as it were on the gentle eminences which it covered. And over all—the distant island, the nearer promontories, the vessel of the buccaneer, and the quiet town—was spread that soft and mellow tint, peculiar at certain periods to the autumnal atmosphere of this country.

But the attention of Heatherby and his party was not given to the beauties of the moonlight landscape. Every eye was watching the movements of a crowd of men, women and children, collected at the landing place, where perhaps a dozen boats, including the barge of the Sea Bird, had been brought together, within the last half hour. The populace made no

noise, and the cause of the unusual silence was speedily apparent. It was intended to surprise the schooner of the buccaneer; and eight of the twelve boats were soon filled with men, armed for the occasion with such weapons as were nearest. The glitter of bayonets in each boat showed that the regular soldiers were active in the business; and the heart of Heatherby more than once sunk within him, as he looked from the crowded boats, to his only, his narrow home, his sole place of refuge amid the dangers that his reckless life gathered around him, the long low schooner, which he now seemed on the eve of losing for ever.

The assailants, on shoving off, kept close under the shore; and, turning the nearest point, now adorned with the tall steam mill of modern times, were, for a while, hidden behind it. When they next appeared, the barge of the Sea Bird led the line, and was filled with soldiers only; while the glittering bayonets had disappeared from the boats that followed after it. "The townspeople will leave it to the soldiers, after all," said Heatherby, as he marked the change of crews which had taken place since starting. "But why a'nt her cable cut, and her sails all spread? Is no one awake upon her deck, to save the schooner? Dost thou see no stir, Beckett?"

"None, sir," answered the other; "there are but twelve of us ashore, and twenty aboard." "Twenty devils," replied Heatherby, in tones of increasing excitement; "and why a'n't they up and at work? Is the Sea Bird so little worth, that they intend surrendering? Do they owe me nothing? Do they owe the craft nothing, which has stood the tempest to save them? Traitors! traitors! villains! why don't ye save that which has saved you!" "They are neither traitors nor villains in the schooner, captain Giles Heatherby," answered Beckett, to the agitated ejaculations of his officer; "wait till the craft's gone, before thou layest so hard on honest men." "Ha! dog," cried the other, glad of an object on which to vent his feelings; "darest thou speak so to thy master?" and he sprang towards Beckett, with his hanger drawn, as if to cut him down. He stopped suddenly, however, and returning the weapon to its scabbard, said, in tones of deep emotion, "Nay, mind me not, my honest Beckett: but my boat, my child, my friend, my all on earth or on ocean! and I not there to save her!" Heatherby turned towards the vessel, to hide his feelings as he spoke. The barge was now alongside, and the remaining boats but a few oar-lengths off, and rapidly advancing. He saw the first soldier distinctly, who ascended the side, cleared the waist

cloths, and stood upon the deck. Another, and another followed, and still no sign of contest on board the schooner. The townspeople even had begun to mount the side. "Villains! ye have betrayed me!" shouted the again excited Heatherby, "and may heaven so serve ye, in your hour of greatest need. But, ah!"—the flash of fire arms from the Sea Bird now caught his eye, and the quick reports came over the water, to where he stood. A loud hurra rose from the sailors on the beach, at this visible vindication of their comrades. "There are boats left still at the landing," said Beckett, approaching Heatherby; "might we not seize them?" "Why not?" asked the other; "the loss of the schooner be on your head, knave, for not telling of this before." Few and prompt were the commands of Heatherby; and, followed by his men, in a minute he was at the landing. The wild shouts of the buccaneers, their drawn swords, and ferocious appearance, as they rushed along the beach, drove back the unarmed crowd, remaining there; and before the townspeople recovered from the panic, Heatherby and his followers were pulling might and main, directly for the schooner.

At this moment, the master recollected Orrin and his wife, and hailing the boat alongside, at the helm of which was Beckett, he ordered it to the hut, to

bring them off. The sailors, when they understood that obedience would deprive them of all share in the defence of the *Sea Bird*, refused, in loud and bitter curses, to return to the shore. Finding himself disobeyed, Heatherby ran his boat athwart the bow of the other, and with a pistol drawn and cocked in his right hand, and holding on to the gunwale of Beckett's boat with the left, he threatened death to the first one who dared resistance. "Beckett," he said, "the man ashore saved my life, not later than two hours since; and unless he is saved, I cease to sail as master of the schooner. Ashore then with you, boys," he added, seeing that his words and manner had gained their usual ascendancy over the crew, and adopting the frank tone, which was more natural to him; "ashore, boys, and see who'll first reach the point to starboard there; I with the schooner, or you with the passengers. Give way, my lads, give way," he continued, addressing himself to the crews of both boats, as they separated in opposite directions—"give way, for the *Sea Bird*, and the shore."

The schooner was still the scene of combat; although the brunt of the fight on board of her was evidently maintained between her crew and the soldiers, while the townspeople either sat idly in their boats, or appeared in small numbers within the waist-

cloths. "By heavens, the soldiers are too strong for them," said Heatherby. "Pull, my lads, give way for life, one pull more and we are there." And with almost supernatural strength, the sailors made the oars crack again as they obeyed the order. The persons in the boats alongside, had at first believed that Heatherby and his sailors were a reinforcement of their friends; nor were they undeceived, till they heard the shout of "Heatherby and the Sea Bird," with which the buccaneer and his companions sprung aboard. And in good time did they arrive. The deck was slippery with blood. The crew, who had paid dearly for the negligence which had permitted their surprize, were nearly overcome, when the cry of "Heatherby and the Sea Bird," in the well known voice of their commander, gave new life to their desperate exertions. "Down with the red coats! Hurra for the free trader! The Sea Bird for ever!" shrieked the buccaneers, as they again rushed upon their opponents like blood hounds. "Take that and that," shouted Heatherby, as, discharging his pistols, he flung them at the soldiers, and followed them with his cutlass. A sailor had, by this time, cut the cable, and the jib was now rattling up its stay; yet still the soldiers stood their ground, and, from the quarter deck of the vessel, continued to maintain the unequal contest, a few mo-

ments longer. At last Heatherby sprung, like a tiger, upon the man who seemed to be the chief reliance of his companions. The grapple was fierce and deadly. The soldier fell to the deck, and the buccaneer stood unharmed at his side. The cry of "quarter" now came from the lately victorious assailants, and Heatherby's voice and exertions were employed in procuring it for his enemies.

"Strike not, save ye are cowards," he cried, throwing up the weapons of his men. "There's blood enough upon the deck already, to last for many a long day. Stand off, rascals; don't ye see they yield?" he continued, as his men sullenly obeyed him, and the soldiers, collecting in a group on the quarter deck, threw down their arms. "Take your wounded," he added, addressing himself to them, "and ashore with ye." The persons whom he addressed occupied but short time in descending into the only boats alongside, those which brought Heatherby and his men; for the townspeople had long since retreated. Their wounded and dead were passed down to them; and at last, shoving off, they pulled rapidly for the landing place.

By this time, the schooner was under fair way. Every sail was soon set before the gentle breeze, which came from the shore; the wounded were taken below; the decks washed down; and in fifteen

minutes after the last soldier had left the vessel, few traces remained of the late deadly conflict.

Heatherby walked fore and aft the schooner, straining his vision in the direction of the hut in hopes of seeing Beckett and his expected companions. The hut itself was concealed from his view by the bend of the shore from which he had first witnessed the attack upon his schooner; but upon the water between no sign of the boat was visible. Presently a reddish light rose from the land, above the hut; and as the vessel opened the low building from behind the headland, it was discovered to be in flames. Each instant added to the brightness of the conflagration; until one gush of fire went upward from the combustible materials. It glared upon the crowd around it, who had thus wreaked their vengeance upon the buccaneer; and piercing the dark shadow of the eastern margin of the creek, revealed to Heatherby the boat of Beckett, rowing swiftly toward the schooner. In a few minutes, the "boat ahoy" of a sailor was answered by the hoarse voice of Beckett—"friends and all safe;" and the next instant, Orrin and his almost lifeless bride were assisted upon deck, and conveyed to the cabin of the master. By morning light the tall trees on Thomas's point were visible only from the mast head of the Sea Bird.

Some years passed away, when the regular trader which visited Annapolis, landed a lady and gentleman with a family of two lovely children, off Windmill point, in the harbour of the town; and many were the sincere greetings which they interchanged with the crowd collected at the landing place. The spirit of persecution had passed away: and it was Orrin Lacy, who had returned, to gladden once more the eyes of his aged parents; to become one of the most respected inhabitants of Maryland; and, in the latter periods of his life, to stand forth as one of the most active of the supporters of her independence.

Of Giles Heatherby but little was generally known; although it was shrewdly suspected, that his voyages continued for many years after, to the waters of the Chesapeake.

There are some indeed who insist, to this day, that the frequent trips of the Sea Bird to the village of Baltimore, then just settled on the Patapsco, furnished the ingenious craftsmen of that place with the model of those 'skimmers of the seas,' whose only rival in speed upon the ocean, is the wind that propels them.

THE HYMN OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

BY I. N'LELLAN, JUN.

They waste us, aye, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go,
Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

BRYANT.

LIKE the shadows in the stream,
Like the evanescent gleam
Of the twilight's failing blaze,
Like the fleeting years and days,
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire !
Lo ! the embers of your fire,

On the wigwam hearth, burn low,
Never to revive its glow;
And the Indian's heart is ailing,
And the Indian's blood is failing.

Now the hunter's bow 's unbent,
And his arrows all are spent!
Like a very little child,
Is the red man of the wild;
To his day there 'll dawn no morrow,
Therefore is he full of sorrow.

From his hills the stag is fled,
And the fallow deer are dead,
And the wild beasts of the chase
Are a lost and perish'd race,
And the birds have left the mountain,
And the fishes, the clear fountain.

Indian woman! to thy breast
Closer let thy babe be prest,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold,
On thy homeless head it dashes,
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.

We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more;
Like the silver mist we fail,
Like the red leaves in the gale,
Fail like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning.

By the river's lonely marge,
Rotting is the Indian's barge;
And his hut is ruin'd now,
On the rocky mountain brow;
The father's bones are all neglected
And the children's hearts dejected.

Therefore, Indian people, flee
To the farthest western sea;
Let us yield our pleasant land
To the stranger's stronger hand;
Red men, and their realms must sever,
They forsake them, and for ever!

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH,

WHEN the morning sun is breaking
In a pure and cloudless sky,
And the sleeping world is waking
With a burst of melody ;
Then we leave our humble dwelling,
Put our little bark to sea,
And though angry waves be swelling,
Still we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

When the storm is madly roaring,
And death walks upon the wave,
Then we think of friends deploring
Lest we find a watery grave :
Think then of our lowly dwelling,
While the winds pipe drearily,
Like wild dirges o'er us swelling,



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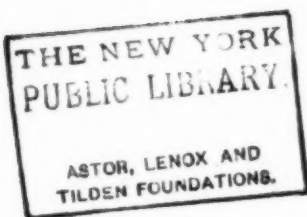
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Like wild dirges o'er us swelling,

W. COLEMAN & CO.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

Engraved on Steel by J. H. Knapton





Still we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

But our toils and dangers over,
Then the faggots brightly burn ;
Soon the festive board they cover,
And to welcome our return,
See the good wife blandly smiling
With a child on either knee,
And the bowl our cares beguiling,
Then we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

BERESINA.

BY THOMAS FISHER.

THE glare that lit the northern sky,
Upon the raging tempest driven,
Diffused its lustre far and high,
Where Moscow's fires arose in heaven;
And bursting on the noon of night,
Reveal'd the bivouac's curving line,
And dimm'd their watchfires' paler light,
Where camp'd the armies of the Rhine.
The Gallic eagle smooth'd his plumes
Above the birth place of the czars,
The sacred temple of their tombs,
The castled eyrie of their wars.

Thence, gazing on the billowy flame,
Napoleon fix'd his restless eye;

'Twas the proud crisis of his fame,
The haughty monarch heaved a sigh.
Wild and unfathom'd feelings there
Usurp'd the impulse of his soul ;
Sated ambition, glory, care,
The madness of supreme control—
The past, since fortune's wayward smile
Had call'd him from his native isle,
To rule the spirits of his hour,
And wield the wand of pageant power—
The future's dim and doubtful dream,
Its promised triumphs, and its date—
Came o'er him like a dazzling gleam,
Amid the gathering storms of fate.

Fierce, lurid ruin, uncontroll'd,
Around the beetling Kremlin roll'd—
The soldier, lighted to the spoil,
Revels in Russia's proudest halls,
'Till wearied rapine yields to toil,
And famine haunts the blackening walls :
While 'mid her self-devoted fires,
Thunder old Moscow's falling spires.

Stern destiny, whose reckless ken
Is wont to dwell on scenes like these,

The doom of empires and of men,
Matures her terrible decrees.

Homeward, reluctant, from afar,
The hero wheels his gilded car;
Around their demigod of war,
Follow the nation's plumed tide,
The chosen of chivalric lore,
The fiercest legions of his pride :
Trophies, revered in olden time,
Roll onward 'mid the vast parade,
And gorgeous spoils of every clime
Bring up the lengthening cavalcade.
Earth, and her annals, might not boast
A mightier or a braver host ;
There foremost tread that star-lit band,
Who nursed the eagles of their land—
Soldiers of fortune and romance,
Who bore, above the Alpine snow
And barrier stream and trenched foe,
The warrior-bird of France ;
And braved, 'mid Egypt's sand-swept seas,
Beneath the tombs of centuries,
The Moslem's reckless lance.
And gayer bands of conscript youth,
Nursed in her matchless schools of war,

Are gather'd, with devoted truth,
By glory summon'd from afar—
When 'mid the roseate light of morn,
Upon the glacier-echoes borne,
The stirring tocsin wildly rose,
The music of the heifer-horn
Falter'd upon St Gothard's snows;
War's syren tumult from the vales,
Breathed rapture on the mountain gales—
The hunter from the Oberland,
The herdsman of the green Valais,
'Neath the gay banner of his band,
To the far crusade tore away :
And fairer climes, where summer smiles,
Where the perennial myrtle blooms,
Where lovely woman most beguiles,
Where cypress shrouds the Cæsars' tombs;
All sent their chosen legions forth,
To breast the ramparts of the north.

The banners of imperial France—
On the same desolated track,
Whence rush'd their desperate advance,
Turn from resistless winter—back.
Around the cautious Russian pour'd
His countless serfs, in marshal'd bands,

And Asia sent her Cossack horde,
Whose chargers swept the desert sands.
But not to these that host shall quail,
Or battle storm, or soldiers' grave—
Those Scythians are of no avail,
They bring not terror to the brave—
More cruel ministers of fate
On that devoted host await :
The gelid torrents' swollen flow,
Consuming famine and fatigue,
The bivouac of the sky and snow,
The lingering march of many a league,
Shall bring the gayest warriors there
To hopeless ruin and despair.

In vain the coursers of the Rhine
Enflank the bayonet's bristling line ;
The cavalier whose bounding steed,
Once matchless where the clarion led,
Had rush'd to many a daring deed,
O'er slippery ramparts of the dead—
Must leave that faithful friend to die—
Proud sharer of his toils and pride,
Whose famish'd form, and faded eye,
Told him a tale that hope defied—

His spirit yields to mightiest ills
The cherish'd glory of his art,
Rude selfish desperation chills
The wonted feeling of his heart.
There, as he slowly sinks to die,
E'en, spite of hope's sustain'd control,
The struggling tribute of a sigh
Bursts deeply from his quenchless soul,
As if he cursed the luckless day,
That call'd him to the wars away—
Still the far valley of his youth,
Life's, home's, affection's strongest ties,
His plighted maiden's parting truth,
Maintain his wasting energies.

With haggard visage, grim and wan,
These victors of earth's proudest fields,
'Mid endless snow drifts, flounder on,
While the strong pulse within them yields;
The speaking of each laurel'd brow,
The bearing of each storm-blanch'd plume,
Are stern and mute endurance now,
Reckless of fate's severest doom :
Before them, desert tracts of snow
And war-wreck'd ruin meet the eye,

Around them yells the Tartar foe,
Above them scowls the wintry sky :
Still glory's flickering, meteor star
Illumed that broken, faltering band,
And nerved the iron heart of war,
Where yet the sacred legion bore,
The sullen eagles of their land :
Still the shrill bugle's wildest power
Recalls the pride of other years,
And, 'mid the horrors of the hour,
Triumphs o'er present ills and fears.
Plunging in Lithuania's woods,
That famish'd, tempest-stricken horde,
That wreck of mightiest armies, pour'd,
Engulph'd 'mid fir-clad solitudes,
Where Beresina's pauseless floods
Roll'd on, as if they scorn'd to know,
The nearer march of friend or foe.
The fragile surface of the wave,
And frailer skill of engineer,
Give passage to the anxious brave—
Behind the Cossacks' rude career
O'erwhelms the columns of the rear—
Vainly beneath their rampart steel,
The lines of silent veterans kneel—

The ravine echoes with dismay,
Darkness obscures the dreadful fray,
And midnight tempests, fierce, profound,
Lend horrors to the awful sound,
Where, o'er the clangor of their foes,
The groans of dying thousands rose.

Morn dawns upon the freezing wave,
Gorged with the corpses of the brave ;
Vast, darkening flights of birds of prey
Are shrieking o'er the scene by day ;
And when the star of milder beam
Again has lit that fatal stream,
Gaunt groups of wolves are fiercely prowling,
Round the abandon'd soldiers there,
And, like infernal demons howling,
'Mid desolation and despair.

'Tis o'er—some lonely willows weep,
Far in a sterile, wave-worn isle,
O'er him, whose dreaded legions sleep,
From frozen Moskwa, to the Nile.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE MAR-
CHIONESS OF CARMATHAEN.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

LADY! though far thy steps have stray'd
From scenes of childhood's early day,
And thou in other lands hast made
Thy home of love, far, far away,

Do not thy thoughts oft fondly trace
Thy native haunts of peace and joy,
And tell thee neither time nor space
The bond of birth can e'er destroy?

Ay! while to England's fertile plains
The tie of love may closely bind,
Columbia still her right retains
To warm affections left behind.



Painted by Mrs Mee

Engraved by Allman & Pilsbrow

MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

Grand Daughter of Charles Carroll.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Thus, link'd to both by strongest ties,
In thee those true born feelings blend,
Which teach the heart aloft to rise,
And call the child of either, friend.

O'er Albion's vales thy footsteps roam,
But hither must thy heart expand:
She is thy loved, adopted home,
This, this is still thy native land.

TIME.

BY JAMES M'HENRY.

I FEEL not now as once I felt,
When in my buoyant bosom dwelt
The ardent glow of young delight;
When all the world around me seem'd
Pure, fresh and gay; and fancy dream'd,
That life's career, prolong'd and bright,
Like autumn's sun at evening's close,
Would set more brilliant than it rose.

My feelings are not now the same,
As when young beauty woke the flame
Of love's first fervour in my breast:
And oh my Ellen! where art thou?
Where are thy peerless beauties now,
Whose power my raptur'd soul confess'd?

Beneath yon hallow'd turf they lie,
I worship but their memory !

Alas ! how much my heart is changed,
And from this chilling world estranged,
Since first, with friendship's glow sincere,
I felt the warm and generous thrill
Of pure esteem, increasing still,
For one whom virtue render'd dear !
He too beneath the turf is laid,
And friendship's latest rites are paid.

I am not what, ev'n late, I've been,
When still, upon this earthly scene,
A mother's love to me was given.
One parent's loss my youth sustain'd,
But one to bless me long remain'd,
Who has, at last, been claim'd by heaven.
All who preceded me are gone—
'Twixt me and death there is not one !

Thus changed in spirit and in frame,
My hold on life is not the same ;
And yet to earth I strangely cling,
As if it still those charms possess'd,

Which once so strongly in my breast
Bade rapturous feelings spring.
Oh! life is now a shorten'd road,
O'er which I hasten to my God!

A STORY OF SHAY'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOPE LESLIE.

Young knight * * * * *

Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,

In choice and change of thy dear loved dame ;

Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame.

SPENSER.

IN one of the picturesque valleys of the Housatonick, in the western extremity of Massachusetts, there is a spot particularly graced by nature. The silvery stream, after loitering and disporting through the meadows it embellishes and fertilizes, boldly approaches a narrow pass between the mountains, leaps and frolics over its rocky channel, sends back a smiling image of the flowers that fringe its brim, and of the lofty pines and oaks that hang out their banners from the mountain side, and is lost to every eye till it issues victoriously from its dark and rocky defile to

thread its mazes through the valley of Barrington. As we have described it, it was, but is no longer. A mill dam is built across the pretty irregular fall; a turnpike company, chartered spoilers of romantic grace, have laid out a broad road on the margin of the stream which time has worn from the mountain; and the green slopes and still meadows, then known by the name of Lee's farm, are now covered with factories and mills, and dotted with little white cages in which platoons of factory girls are fed, three times per day. Alas! 'these are not romantic times!'

It was some time during the summer of 1780 that a little group, composed of the principal personages of our story, was assembled before the door of the neat unambitious dwelling on Lee's farm. A middle aged woman, with a kindly countenance, was mounting a remarkably discreet looking old horse, assisted by a stripling, whose round smooth cheek, bright lips, and masses of shining curls indicated about the age of fourteen, while his sunburnt face, his hard embrowned hands and well developed muscles announced the hardy life of the yeoman-boy. On the door step stood a little girl about nine years old. Hers was the complexion which the vulgar call fair, and the connoisseurs brunette, having the faintest hue of brown diffused over a perfectly clear and pure surface—her

cheek was bright enough for the land of the sun—her eye of the gypsey dye, hue it is not—and her hair jet black, waving in light curls over a brow of perpetual sunshine. Her figure was rather of the Hebe and chubby order, but relieved by exquisitely rounded and dimpled hands and arms, and feet whose symmetry was not marred nor quite hidden by the 'journey work' of her broad calf skin shoes. Beside this girl stood Francis Graham, a youth from the neighbouring village. He was rather taller, more slender, and older than the farmer boy. They were friends, and the beauty, intelligence and good humour of both marked the equal bounty of nature; while Graham's erect, graceful, well-dressed person, and his soft white hands manifested that the accidents of life had set the seal of aristocracy on him. He was explaining to the little girl the construction of a double barrelled fowling piece which he held in his hand; while she, in passing her hand over it, fearlessly snapped the lock.

"Lora, Lora, for mercy's sake let that lock alone!" screamed the prudent matron, who had just taken her position on her Rosinante.

"It is not loaded, aunt," replied the child, quite unconcerned.

"That makes no difference, Lora; guns are always dangerous."

"Oh aunt, that is just like you! Only think, Francis: the other day when I was playing with the barrel of Harry's old gun, which, you know, has neither stock nor lock, aunt would have me put it down, because, she said, nobody knew what guns might do!"

The boys shouted at this truly feminine axiom, and the good woman smiled, in spite of herself, as she replied, "You are all fool-hardy about guns; but come, Harry, have done with your nonsense, and set Lora up behind me."

"Oh, I do not want to go to meeting!" whispered Lora to Graham; Graham whispered to Harry; and the conspiracy of the trio was expressed in an urgent request, that Lora might be excused from the meeting, and permitted to join the boys in a ramble through the woods. Mrs. Lee returned a decided negative. She was afraid the boys would shoot the child. They averred they should sooner shoot themselves. Then she objected that Lora was dressed clean, and 'she knew she would come home a sight.' Of this there was imminent danger; for she was in a snow white *Holland* frock, the sleeves turned up above the elbow with ruffled cuffs, delicately plaited. Francis obviated this objection by promising, if the frock was soiled, that Lora should have the prettiest new one the country afforded. Mrs. Lee's principles were all

in favour of the meeting ; but the sympathies of her kind heart were with the young people. They prevailed, and the consent was given. The rovers strolled along the margin of the stream, discoursing of woodcraft, while Lora swung around the willows that hung over the water, and dashed ' through bush and through briar,' fearless of rents and scratches, and full of the reckless joy of a child of nature. They crossed a rude bridge, and entered a wood where they expected to find game ; but every winged creature seemed to have abandoned it, and they were turning homeward, when Lora, who was a little in advance of them, beckoned, and pointed to a lark perched on a branch of the tree under which she stood. Harry elevated his gun, Lora held forwards the apron of her frock to catch the victim. The gun was discharged, and the lark fell quivering on Lora's extended frock, dotting its pure surface with drops of blood. The current of Lora's feelings turned, her sympathy with the eager pursuit of the sportsmen was gone, she pressed the bird to her bosom, and when its head dropped, as she saw it was dead, she burst into tears: " Oh, it is cruel, cruel sport !" she said.

" Why what ails you now, Lora ?" asked Harry, " you have seen us kill hundreds of birds, and cared for them no more than we."

"Yes, but I never before felt one, while it was warm and breathing; and it was singing the moment you shot it: and did you not see how it turned its poor little bright eye on me, as if to ask me how I could wish you to murder it."

"Pshaw, Lora!" said Harry; "say shoot, and not murder, and you will get over your grief."

Both Harry and Graham laughed at a sensibility with which a boy's belligerent nature has no sympathy, and Graham said, "Lora, you could not be more grieved if one of us were shot."

"If one of you were shot!" she exclaimed indignantly, and brushing away the tears that were held in such contempt, "if one of you were shot, I should die with grief."

"Not you, Lora," rejoined Harry, "you would live a merry life with the survivor." These words were spoken lightly enough; but with what feeling were they many years after recalled! How mysteriously does an apparently trifling event, or a random sentence sometimes shadow forth the future!

The stream was unusually shallow, and the young men, on their return, determined to ford it, instead of going round by the bridge. "Come, Lora dear," said Francis Graham, kneeling, "mount my shoulder, and I will bear you over dry-shod."

Lora for the first time in her life betrayed a girlish feeling. She blushed, looked shy, and said she had rather go on Harry's shoulder. "That is right, Lora," exclaimed Harry, "you are the girl for my money."

"No, it is not right," said Francis, earnestly; for Lora's preference was thus early the subject of contest between the young friends.

"Very well, if Francis thinks it is not right, it is not," said Lora decidedly; "and I will go over on my own feet and nobody's shoulder;" and running fleetly before them, she began crossing the river on the rocks over which it fell. They afforded a dry passage, excepting where the stream had worn channels through which it now all glided. Lora ran on, fearless and reckless. Her companions entreated her to stop, and said they would assist her over the difficult passes.

"Thank you for nothing," she replied, springing like a young fawn over one of the water-courses.

"Bravo!" cried Graham. She turned, smiled, responded a joyous shout, and bounded on towards the second pass. That was broader, and the foot-hold on the farther side shelving and insecure. Harry and Graham threw aside their guns and rushed into the river. Lora made the leap without touching the intervening water, but her foot struck a sharp point in the rock, she stumbled and fell over the side; but as she

fell, she caught by a projecting point. "Hold fast, Lora, hold fast," screamed both the boys in the same breath, and at the next instant they stood in the stream below her, and extended their arms to receive her. The fall was not more than ten feet in height. Francis had attained a firmer position than Harry. Whether Lora perceived this, and was governed by an instinct of prudence, or whether it was the instinct of preference, she perhaps could not herself have told; but as, in obedience to their directions, she let go her hold on the rock, and dropped down, she gave herself an impulse towards Graham, and was received in his arms. They all soon regained the shore. There had been just enough of danger in the accident to give excitement, without seriousness, to the feelings of all parties. Lora was used to rural accidents; and the scratches, rents and wetting were trifles in her eyes. Her young knights errant applauded her spirit. Harry let fall something of her liking Graham's arms better than his shoulders; and Francis confessed himself pledged to Mrs. Lee, to make good the torn and soiled frock with a pretty new one.

This was to them the period of gay visions and romantic dreams. Life was all joy. The spirit of youth gave a charm to the trifling incidents we have related; and subsequent events preserved them from

oblivion. Lora Cameron was an orphan niece of Mrs. Lee. 'Orphan woes draw nature's ready tear;' but Lora had only the name of orphan, for her aunt supplied to her every thing of parental vigilance, and more than parental indulgence. It must be confessed that she was bred somewhat daintily; in spite of many a suggestion from Mrs. Lee's thoughtful neighbours, that instead of fitting Lora to be a farmer's wife, she was bringing her up for an idol, and nothing else. And an idol she was, if unmeasured love could make her so. But as Mrs. Lee very justly said, it was nobody's fault, for nobody could help loving her. Lora was one of those who seem to be gifted with a marvellous touch, that opens the fountains of affection in every nature, that elicits harmony from the coarsest and most discordant instruments. That Lora, with her tender affections, her grace and beauty, should be loved by her cousin Harry Lee, and his friend Graham, was a matter of course; but that the old and severe should light up as she passed them, as if they had been touched by an angel's wing; that Madam Graham, the perpendicular Madam Graham, fit relict, or ghost of the murdered aristocracy of the land, should caress and pet her, we must refer to some mysterious gift, similar to that of the kind fairy to the

good little girl, whose lips dropped pearls whenever she spoke.

Lee's farm lost none of its attractions for Graham, when the intellectual pursuits of collegiate life, the occupations of a liberal profession, and a familiarity with the first and gayest circles in the land, would seem to have created barriers between him and his rustic friends. The world had no pleasure for him, equivalent to his welcome at Lee's farm, to the cordial grasp of Harry's hand, to Lora's unrepressed joy, and the good mother's protracted smiles.

It was not long before Graham felt that there was one circumstance in his friend's condition, that far more than counterbalanced the apparent superiority of his; but it would be, as it seemed to his noble mind, crime or misery to betray this feeling; and through all the perilous scenes of youth, he maintained so gay and seemingly frank and careless an intercourse with Lora, that no one ever suspected that the affianced bride of his friend was the object of the tenderest sentiment he ever felt, or ever was destined to feel. Love is in its nature engrossing and selfish, and he who 'ruleth his spirit' in this particular, is certainly 'greater than he that taketh a city.' Harry was naturally easy and confiding in his temper. He loved Lora, and he believed Lora loved him; and she believed so too: nor till

instructed by events, that, like the prism, nicely separate shades, did she learn to distinguish the simple and tranquil sentiment she felt for Harry, from that in which all modes and capacities of feeling unite and blend.

Once she involuntarily and most innocently betrayed to Graham the real state of her affections. It was the discovery of a world to him ; but not a word, not a glance informed Lora the discovery was made. One treacherous look would have given them both occasion for everlasting sorrow ; but loyalty to Harry seemed to be the instinct of their natures. Lora never dreamed her feeling was responded. She suffered none of the misery that is supposed to be inseparable from repressed love. There was no affinity for misery in her sweet and happy disposition. When she thought and talked of her marriage, which had been long appointed for her seventeenth birthday, the perspective of life beyond, if not lit up with the bright hues of romantic love, was illumined with the light of conscious truth and fidelity—a light that shineth for ever and ever.

Nearly eight years had passed since the period at which our story began, and our young friends had entered upon the strifes and duties of manhood. Their characters had retained their original cast. The tex-

ture of the wood does not change, though the surface may be polished or marred by effort or accident; an obvious truth which Crabbe has somewhere poetically expressed. Fortune had shown her two faces to the friends. Graham had entered on the rich harvest that had been accumulating for the lawyer: and Harry into possession of a farm, heavily encumbered with debts; debts contracted by his father in the service of his country. This father, just at the close of the war, and when his honours were thick upon him, had met the death of the patriot soldier, and had left no inheritance to his son, but the glorious memory of his devotion to his country.

During the war of the revolution, debts were heedlessly contracted, and payment suspended, with political independence: a sort of millennium seemed to have been expected, when the debtor and the creditor should lie down together. But peace came, and the sordid passions of men revived. At the moment that reward and enjoyment were expected, a grievous portion of the cost of the struggle was to be paid. The shrill fife and spirit stirring drum no longer gave the impulse to deeds of high emprise; and difficult efforts and protracted self denial were necessary.

From various causes the pressure was most severely felt in Massachusetts; and complaints of excessive

taxes, of the vexatious forms of law, and of various grievances, real and fancied, pervaded the state. The discontents finally broke out in 1786—7, in the insurrection commonly called Shay's war. Many of the virtuous yeomanry were found in the ranks of rebellion. The ruinous state of Lee's affairs cast him naturally among the disaffected. Graham as naturally became a zealous and effective leader of the government party. Harry's love of peace, his integrity, and, more than all, his love for Graham, prevented him at first from taking part with the rebels; but unfortunately, Graham's activity and importance suspended their intercourse, and in the mean time Lee was exposed to the constant influence of the insurgent leaders, and to the goadings of pecuniary embarrassments. While it was possible he had forbore to communicate his perplexities even to his mother; but this manly reserve was no longer practicable. An execution was about to be levied on his farm, and he was menaced with imprisonment, unless an accommodation could be effected with one Seth Warner, his principal creditor. It was early in the month of February that he returned home, after having been absent all day. His mother was alone. She looked towards him with an expression of anxious inquiry. He sat down by the fire without speaking.

His mother first broke the ominous silence. "My poor boy, you have not succeeded?"

"No, mother."

"Did you apply to Francis Graham?"

"No, mother."

"Oh Harry, he *is* a friend for a wet day!"

"He *was*, mother. But now he thinks of nothing but hunting down the poor fellows who are struggling for their rights. He led the party that took Wily's son; and they say the poor lad will be hung for his father's sake. No, mother, there is neither mercy nor justice, and certainly not forbearance to be hoped from any of the court party*."

"Well, my son, the will of the Lord be done."

"But is it the will of the Lord, mother? Is it his will that one man should have his table spread with all the dainties in the land, while another man starves? That the children of those who sacrificed their property and their lives for the independence of their country, should be reduced to slavish dependence on hard hearted creditors. Did not my father fight for his home; was it not his watchword through seven years of hardship, in battle and in death; and are we now to be driven from it without resistance?"

* This was the name by which the insurgents designated the government party, the supporters of the courts of law.

Never before had Harry Lee made so formal and so complicated a speech; and it was with difficulty that his mother threaded her way to the result, which she expressed in a low and apprehensive voice. "Harry, you have been listening to Shay's men: you surely don't think of joining them?" Harry made no reply. "Let alone the right and the wrong of the matter, it would be madness now, when general Lincoln is carrying all before him; the lower counties are quiet; the insurgents are routed at Petersham; and they will scatter like scared geese in Berkshire, the moment the general sets foot in the country."

"Mother," replied Harry, with that decision with which men usually put down feminine opinions, touching subjects beyond their province, "mother, you know nothing about the matter. Forces are expected from Vermont. All the lower part of the county is rising, and Hamlin is coming in from the west; and there is every reason to hope the court party will be put down."

"Oh, Harry, I can't bear to hear you talk so—as if you were one of them; are they not all proclaimed rebels?"

"So was my father, and he changed the name to patriot; but take comfort, mother, we can't be worse off. Where is Lora?"

"At Madam Graham's. Poor Lora, she is made so much of there, that I often wonder she is so contented at home; but bless her, she is just like the sun, shining as pleasantly into the deepest valley, as on the highest hill."

The sound of sleigh bells interrupted the mother and the son, and an instant after Lora entered. Graham from the sleigh called to Lee, "What in the world, Hal, have you been about? I sent for you this morning to join us in our sortie on Hubbard." Lee's countenance fell at the mention of Hubbard's name; but his back was to the light, and Graham, without suspecting the train of his emotions, proceeded. "We had a detachment of thirty-seven infantry and seven gentlemen. It would have done your soul good, to have seen the panic of the scoundrels when we approached them—two hundred of them drawn up in battle array; but our very horses had more soldier-ship than the blackguards. Their sentries fired on us once, but we pressed on in front of their line. The poor devils staggered with fear. We commanded them to lay down their arms, and they laid them down. The ass knoweth his owner."

"And the ox his master's crib," replied Lee; "but when the crib is empty, and the poor beast overworked, he may well refuse any longer to tread out the corn."

"Why, Hal, my dear fellow, what do you mean? not to take the part of these beggarly rascals?"

"If they are beggars, Graham, it would be well to remember what has made them so, and well to ask yourself, which deserves the name of rascal, the oppressed or the oppressor."

"My good friend, you are possessed; but I have dropped an angel at your door, that will drive the foul fiend away; so good night to you. Good night, Lora, God bless you."

Lora perceived that a deep gloom had settled on Harry. In vain she related the little occurrences of the day: she called forth no questions, awakened no sympathy.

"Harry," she said, "do you know Madam Graham has promised us a ball on the twenty-seventh, if General Lincoln and his staff are here?" Harry gave no intimation that he heard her. "Now, cousin," she continued, "if you are deaf, I will make you hear; do you know the twenty-seventh is my birthday?"

"Yes," he replied mournfully. He raised his eyes and Lora saw they were suffused with tears. "Yes, Lora, I was thinking of that; then you will be seventeen. Oh how bright that period has been in prospect; but, Lora, when our parents named it for our mar-

riage, little did they think how dark it would be in reality."

"My dear cousin," replied Lora (it was singular, but Lora always called Harry, cousin, when their marriage was alluded to), "my dear cousin, you are very deep in the blues to-night. Aunt Lee, what has crossed Harry's path?"

"My child Harry has his own trouble; but any burden is the lighter for being shared: and my advice to you, children, is, that you be married on the twenty-seventh, in spite of the hard times. It is bad luck to put off a marriage."

Harry looked earnestly at Lora. Had she freely assented, it might have changed the face of their whole lives; but she shook her head and said, "No, aunt, not on the twenty-seventh; you know I am engaged to Madam Graham; and beside Mr. Harry does not open his lips to ask me."

"I dare not, Lora—I did for an instant hope—but heaven only knows where I shall be on the twenty-seventh."

For several days subsequent, Harry's melancholy and restlessness increased. He was frequently absent without assigning any reason. His mother had her secret anxieties, but she did not communicate them to Lora.

Late in the evening of the twenty-fifth, Harry returned home, after having been absent all day. He stole into his mother's little bedroom, where she was sitting alone. "Ah, my son, I am glad to see you," she said; "Francis Graham has been waiting here all the evening for you."

"It is very easy waiting with Lora."

"So it is, Harry—and Lora has been so gay. She is full of some good news Francis has brought; she would not tell it till you came home; I suppose it is about the ball at Madam Graham's—but, Harry, you are not going to bed without letting them know that you have come home?"

At that moment, Graham and Lora's voices rose to a high pitch, broken with laughter. There is nothing more grating, more discordant, nothing that sounds more heartless than laughter, to one who is deep in despondency. Harry's brow contracted. "I am in no humour to hear of balls to-night, mother," he said; "I will not interrupt them; say nothing of my having returned." He retired to his pillow, to him the nurse of bitter cares. The sound of that merry peal of laughter was still tingling in his ear, when his mother came into his apartment. "If you are asleep, Harry," she said, "I must wake you; for Mr. Graham has left this letter for you; and I am sure from his being in

such spirits, and wanting to see you so much, there is something in it to make you sleep the quieter."

"No, mother, that can't be, but leave me the candle, and I will read it."

The note was as follows:

'Dear Hal:—As Tom Grovet, Eli Parsons, and Daniel Shay (a worthy triumvirate!) have as yet failed in their efforts to abolish the courts—the purgatories of such poor devils; to disband the armies of lawyers that infest the land; and dispense with those awkward visitors, deputy sheriffs, we must find some mode of appeasing that monster the law; therefore I, Francis Graham, barrister (thy friend, nevertheless, Hal), summon thee to my office in the name of Seth Warner, who has there deposited certain evidences of debt due from the proprietor of Lee's farm to said Seth. Given under my hand, and Lora's seal, this twenty-fifth of February.'

"And has it come to this!" exclaimed Harry. "Does he make sport of my misery! Hamlin is right; the court party treat us as if we were of a different clay from themselves. Is not Hamlin right in the rest?" This *rest* included intimations which Hamlin had thrown out (for the purpose of multiplying Lee's motives to join the rebels), that Graham had artfully won Lora's affections. He had at first indignantly

repelled the insinuation; but now dark clouds gathered over his honest mind, and shadows took substantial forms.

Long before the day dawned, he had risen from his bed, and prepared to leave his home to embark in the rebel cause. As he was passing the door of Lora's room, he was arrested by a feeling that he was separating himself from her for ever. Impelled by an intense desire to see her face once more, he opened her door. The light shot athwart her, but she was in too deep a sleep to be awakened. He approached the bed. A glow, as of freshly excited feeling was on her cheek; a smile played over her lips. He stooped once—for the last time—to press his to her cheek. She murmured, "Francis." He started, dashed the tears from his eyes, and retreated from the room.

When Mrs. Lee rose in the morning she found the following note from her son:

'My dear mother:—Graham's letter was the last drop in my bitter cup. I could not endure insult from one who was my friend; and though he is so no longer, he should have been the last person to put the law in course against me. Mother, I believe the step I am taking is right in the sight of heaven and of honest men. I believe so: but if I am wrong, you will not withhold your blessing.

U

‘Whatever betides me, you have a home on the farm; and he who has been false to me, may be true to Lora.’

“Oh cruel, cruel mistake!” exclaimed Lora, as soon as her eye, dimmed with tears, had glanced over the note; “Francis’s letter was all banter. He has settled the whole concern with Seth Warner, assumed the debt himself, and last night he brought Harry’s notes and mortgages and every thing here, and after waiting for him till midnight, he threw them into the fire. False to him! there never, never was a truer friend than Francis Graham!”

Mrs. Lee and Lora were both sure that if they could rectify Harry’s impressions, before he was discovered with the insurgents, all would yet be well. But whither he had gone, or how to communicate with him, they knew not. It naturally occurred to both, that Graham would be the best counsellor and aid; and Lora went immediately, through a deep and newly fallen snow, to the village. When she arrived at Madam Graham’s, she found that Francis was absent: to await him, with what patience he might, was the only resource. She dispatched an explanatory note to her aunt. The day was fraught with small, as well as great misfortunes to Lora.

Madam Graham’s household were preparing for the

reception of Governor Lincoln, and Lora was called on to give certain little embellishing touches, too delicate for servile hands. But every thing went wrong with Lora. She threw salt, instead of sugar, into the cranberries; curdled the liquid custards; scorched, and spoiled irretrievably, a Mechlin lace of Madam Graham's; and finally dropped a dish containing a rich trifle, compounded by the old lady herself, on the centre of the best carpet: and bursting into tears, she left the ruin to tell its own story, and retreated to an apartment at the extremity of the house.

There she seated herself at the window, and waited and watched, hour after hour, till, just at the close of day, she heard the well known ring of Graham's sleigh bells. His fleet steeds rapidly approached. Lora's heart throbbed with joy. His presence, she thought, insured safety, and restored happiness to Harry. She threw up the window and waved her handkerchief. He gallantly doffed his cap in return. At that instant a loud shout from many voices was heard; and Lora perceived a troop of horse sweeping into the village in a direction opposite to that from which Graham had approached. Each horse was decked with a branch of evergreen, the well known insignia of the Shaysites. They made a dash towards Graham's sleigh. He attempted to force his

spirited horses through their ranks, but it was impossible; they closed around him; and, after a moment of breathless suspense, Lora saw his sleigh turned and driven away, well guarded. The cry of 'Hurra for Hamlin!' now rung through the street. The troop was broken into small parties, and dispersed to every house in the village. All the men at home belonging to the government party, or, as they were termed in the descriptive phrase of their opponents, the 'ruffled shirts,' were made prisoners.

The depredations committed on that day, the brave resistance of a few Amazonian dames, and the ludicrous panic of others, are still the burden of many an old wife's tale. But we dare not now ask grace for these particulars.

Our heroine was thrown, by Graham's capture, upon her own unassisted energy. Her first object was to ascertain where the insurgents were to rendezvous, and what was to be their next movement. In spite of Madam Graham's entreaties, she lingered in the apartments where the depredators were most busy and communicative, and she soon learned enough to shape her own projects. Hamlin had made his incursion with a small detachment. The main body of the insurgents had marched to Sheffield on the west side of the mountain. There they expected

to meet reinforcements that would enable them to resist colonel Ashly, who was at the head of a considerable body of militia.

Lora's resolution was at once taken. She decided to go, herself, to Sheffield. A ride of fourteen miles, alone, in mid-winter, and over a road thronged with armed rebels, was a bold enterprize; but nothing seemed to Lora impossible, except to suffer her deluded cousin to be involved in ruin which she might avert. Without consulting Madam Graham, who, she well knew, would put her veto on the proceeding, she ordered a servant boy to saddle Jenny Gray, a high mettled riding horse of Graham's. The boy replied, that Peter Parker, one of Shay's men, had just stolen Jenny Gray from the stable, and was trying to mount her. "Peter Parker, the pedlar!" exclaimed Lora; "he dare not—he shall not." She knew Peter, an itinerant vendor of brooms, wooden bowls, primers and notions; and that he should presume to mount the patrician palfrey was incredible to Lora. She threw on her cloak, hood, muff and tippet, and, arming herself with a riding whip, proceeded with characteristic impetuosity to the yard. Jenny was saddled. She had quietly permitted Peter to perform the office of groom, which fitted him, as she seemed instinctively to know; but when he attempted

to mount her, she became restive, and Peter patted and coaxed in vain. Lora assumed a commanding attitude; and in a manner that would have become queen Bess, and was quite striking in a little person scarce five feet high, she ordered Peter to give her the reins. But Peter, whose bold aspirations at this moment rose to at least a twitch at the reins of government, was not in the humour to resign the reins of Jenny; and ashamed of the dastardly figure he was making in female eyes, he summoned all the spirit within him, and jerked himself astride the saddle. The spirited little animal, all unused to so ungainly and ill fitting a burden, reared and plunged. Lora snapped her whip. "Throw him, Jenny, throw him!" she cried. Peter dropped the reins and clung to the mane. Jenny

'Chauffed and foamed with courage fierce and stern,
And to be eased of that base burden still did yearn:'

And eased she soon was. The poor pedlar made a somerset over her head, and was laid sprawling on the ground.

The next moment, obedient to the well known voice of her whom she had often proudly borne beside her master, she stood gently while Lora sprang into the saddle; and before the pedlar was on his feet again,

Lora and Jenny, for Jenny seemed well to comprehend her part in the strife, had fairly distanced him.

The insurgents, excepting a few who had discreetly loitered in the hope of avoiding the expected combat, were far in advance of Lora; and she rode on, unmolested, till she was descending the last declivity of Monument mountain. She then heard the trampling of horsemen whose persons were concealed from her by a turn of the road. She slackened Jenny's pace, and listened. The men's spirits were excited by their success and refection at the village, and their talk was loud and vaunting. Lora's heart sunk within her; but she was soon reassured, by recognising among them a familiar voice; and, taking a bold and wise resolution, she spurred on Jenny Gray, and rode into the midst of the troop. "A recruit! a recruit!" shouted the men. "Mr. Adams," said Lora in a voice that sounded like the sweet note of a bird rising in the tempest, "I pray your kindness for the child of an old neighbour—your protection as far as Sheffield."

"Lora Cameron!" exclaimed the man whom she had addressed; "you here, and going to Sheffield to-night! What, under the canopy, does this mean?"

"Mean!" cried one of his companions; "why that she is tugging after her sweetheart. I've seen her on that beast of Graham's before, prancing proudly by his side."

"Yes, yes, my dainty miss," said another; "I heard captain Hamlin tell Harry Lee, that every body had seen how the rich squire was luring you away from him, though he was blind to it."

"They are false hearted men that say so," retorted Lora, her voice trembling, but not with fear: "my hand and heart are plighted to my cousin Harry Lee; and it is for his sake alone, that I have ventured forth to-night—and will go on too, in spite of men who have no breeding on their tongues, nor kindness in their hearts."

"Oh hush, hush, Miss Lora, we are not so bad as that; and if you do indeed love Harry Lee, and hate the 'ruffled shirts,' we'll be your body guard."

"I am true to my cousin, so help me heaven and all good men."

Lora's earnestness and courage, aided it may be by her surpassing beauty, softened her rude companions. Adams assured her of his protection; the rest took a conciliatory tone; and during the remainder of the ride to the farm house, the place of general rendezvous, they treated her with as much consideration as if they had been her appointed guard.

The house, at which they alighted, was already thronged; and, when they entered it, Lora looked eagerly around, in the hope of seeing Harry; but he

was not there. A little female figure, muffled in furs, had attracted every eye. In the eagerness of her search, she had thrown back her hood. A suppressed murmur of wonder and admiration ran through the room; Lora did not hear it: but a voice, exclaiming "Good heaven, Lora Cameron!" thrilled through her heart. It was Graham—Lora's eye met his. She burst into tears, pulled her hood over her face, and followed Adams, who was conducting her to the women's apartment. She heard Graham's voice in loud altercation with the men; but could only guess at the purport of what passed between them.

She had entreated to be permitted to speak with Hamlin. He soon came; and, in reply to her inquiries, assured her that Lee had not yet arrived, and probably would not till morning, when he was expected at the head of the Egremont men.

All night poor Lora was possessed with gloomy thoughts and forebodings. The next day would be the twenty-seventh, her seventeenth birthday—the period on which Harry's brightest hopes had been fixed. She recollected his despondent look and tone when he said, "I know not where I shall be on the twenty-seventh." The words seemed now an evil prophecy.

Morning came; but not to dispel her fears. Information had been received by the insurgents, that colonel

Ashly, a popular leader through the revolutionary war, and well known to be a determined soldier, was rapidly approaching, at the head of a considerable force. Ashly's name was revered by many of the insurgents, and a terror to others. These counselled retreat; while Hamlin, who had been one of the excepted in the general amnesty offered the insurgents, earnestly contended that this was the favourable moment for an engagement. His influence unhappily prevailed, and he marshalled his men for action. The position he had chosen was within sight of the farm house, and about a hundred yards distant from it. Lora's heart was throbbing with conflicting fears and hopes. She knew Ashly was near, and she hoped the conflict would be over, before Harry Lee arrived. 'I care but for that,' she thought, as she advanced to the window to give one glance at the array for the battle; but that glance banished her cousin from her mind. The prisoners were placed in front of the insurgents, and formed a sort of breastwork for them. Lora saw only Francis Graham; every other object vanished from her sight. He stood erect and firm, a brave shield for his cowardly foes.

This arrangement, so long remembered with sorrow and remorse, had been counselled by Hamlin. At first, it was received by the insurgents with almost unani-

mous dissent : but Hamlin urged that this position of their prisoners would at once disarm the enemy, or at least abate their ardour ; and that an easy and bloodless, and at that crisis all important victory might be gained. But, if life must be sacrificed, why should it not be their enemies', he asked, instead of theirs.

Poor Lora's head reeled ; but she stood still, gazing as if she were transfixed on the spot. She saw the militia approaching. The insurgents had already opened a scattering fire ; when a loud shout was heard and responded : and from the road in rear of the farm house, advanced the Egremont men, led by Harry Lee. In another instant, they were before the house ; and Lora stood beside Lee, her hands clasped and wringing in agony. " Oh, Harry," she cried, " they have placed their prisoners in front ! Francis is there !—hasten—save him—Oh God help us !"

We can only guess at the emotions that swelled in Harry's generous bosom. Those that were near him afterwards said, that he became instantly pale as marble—that for a moment he seemed bewildered—that he averted his head, and dashed the tears from his eyes. Certain it is, that without replying a word to Lora, he directed one of his companions to take the command of the men, and spurred his horse onward to the head of the insurgents—that seeing it was then

too late to interpose in order to change the position of the prisoners, he leaped from his horse, and rushed forward directly in front of Graham.

Colonel Ashly advanced rapidly, with exact military order; and it was not till the instant that he was about to give the command to fire, that he perceived the barbarous arrangement which the insurgents had made. 'Often,' the kind hearted old man afterwards said, 'often had he been on the field of battle and death, but never before had he trembled. Many among the insurgents were his neighbours, his own folks; and it was an ugly job to fight against them: but when he saw the prisoners set up for a mark for their own friends to fire upon, and above all, when he saw young Graham, the gallant boy, the life blood of their cause, his heart died away within him.' But the stern duty of the veteran soldier prevailed over the feeling of the man; and he gave that order, still remembered by some, in whose ears it then tingled, "Pour in your fire, boys, and God have mercy on their souls!" It was at this instant, that Lee had thrown himself before Graham. The fatal order was obeyed. Graham's life was preserved—his friend was the victim.

This was the last and severest contest that occurred during the insurrection; but, after a short space, the rebels gave way, and dispersed in every direction;

and while the militia pursued the fugitives, and removed the dead and wounded, one little group remained stationary. Harry Lee was stretched on the ground, and supported in Graham's arms; his head resting on Lora's bosom.

The mistakes that had led to this fatal issue were all explained. He placed Lora's hand in Graham's, pressed them both to his bosom, faintly articulated "Remember my mother," and expired.

MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

How beautiful is this serene repose
Of nature 'mid her mountain solitudes !
How cheering to the heart that covets rest,
The cooling freshness of the morning hour,
In quiet and seclusion, while the mists
Yet hang upon the bosom of the hills,
And clothe their verdant foliage with a veil
Of light and airy texture. There's a soft
And gentle flush upon the ambient air,
Which tells the holy hour, when day and night
Have met and kiss'd each other ; and the pure
And honeyed fragrance, that breathes all around,
Betrays where dawn has dallied with the rose,
And danced among the scented clover-tops.
The flowers uphold their cups of nectar'd dew,
A morning offering to the glorious sun,

Painted by J. Thompson

THE GREAT GATE OF THE CATHEDRAL

Engraved by Geo. W. Black



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

When he shall rise in beauty, to receive
The tribute they have glean'd from moonlight hours,
And night's refreshing vapours. Not a sound
Is heard amid the quiet of the scene,
Save the blithe chirping of the joyous birds
That nestle in the thickets, and are forth
At the first blush of dawn, as if they were
The happiest of all creatures, drinking in,
From nature's purest fount, the draught of life
Unmix'd with care's alloy. The river too,
Whose bosom is tranquillity, glides on
As silent as a fay at midnight's hush
Among the dreaming flowers. Its waves are still,
So still and calm they scarcely seem to flow,
As if indeed the water spirit's wand
Had charm'd them into slumber, deep and pure,
Such as the animal creation held
When night was in the heavens. Along its banks
The towering rocks, and foliage-cover'd hills,
And bright green trees are shadow'd, with a true
And faithful portraiture, as though a scene
As fair and beautiful had framed itself
Beneath the lucid waters, on whose breast,
Emblem alike of peace and poesy,
The white plumed swan glides pensively along,
And scarcely stirs the stream in which she laves.

All things conspire to harmony : the air,
The earth, the waters, every element
Is redolent of purity and peace,
As if in this retirement nature ne'er
Had known the marring blight that waits upon
Her fairest and her loveliest. Oh the bliss,
The dear delight of unadulterate scenes,
Where, in the deep seclusion of the wild,
Quiet distils, with soft and gentle power,
Like dew, upon the landscape. Could man know
The real estimate and worth of peace,
How much of happiness is in that word—
Of happiness, the boon for which he seeks
With such a thrilling ardour—scenes like these
Would have a lovelier charm, and nature's walks
Would own a fresh enticement, that should woo
His steps from riot, revelry and noise,
To dwell among the woodland haunts, where birds
Mingle their carols with the early breeze;
Or lead him, 'mid the rich perfume of flowers,
To drink enjoyment at her fairest fount,
Where morning wakes among the dewy hills.

TO EVELINE.

BY JAMES NACK, A DEAF MUTE.

CHILD of my heart! to me as dear
As child to father e'er can be,
Amid my thousand sorrows here,
My only comfort is in thee!

Child of my heart! though oft I mourn,
By cruel fortune trampled down—
When smiles thy cherub face adorn,
I care but little for her frown.

Child of my heart! though glory's sun
Shall never consecrate my fame,
When call'd by thee thy 'dearest one!'
I cannot ask a prouder name!

Child of my heart! by all the rest
On earth should I forsaken be,
So thou wert mine, I were most blest,
For thou art all the world to me!

Child of my heart! whatever ill
On my unshelter'd head may fall,
When on thy lip my kisses thrill,
That moment I forget it all!

Child of my heart! the hours I share
With thee alone to me are sweet;
And absence I can only bear,
By thinking that we soon shall meet.

Child of my heart! how oft to thee
My soul exclaims, 'Sweet Eveline!
God bless thee, as thou blessest me,
And soothe thy sorrows, as thou mine!'

THE BRAHMIN'S CURSE.

BY LOUISA P. SMITH.

Luxima, chief priestess of Cashmire, and a consecrated vestal of Brahma, having been converted by a young Christian whom she loved, forfeited cast, and was doomed by the word of Brahma and the law of Meme, to become a Chancalas, a wanderer and an outcast upon earth; with none to sacrifice with her, none to read with her and none to speak to her, none to be allied by friendship or by marriage to her, none to eat, none to drink and none to pray with her.

FORM OF THE INDIAN EXCOMMUNICATION.

It was a fearful temple, where
Those Brahmin fathers came,
The doom of darkness to declare
On their young priestess' name;
A wild, unearthly hue was flung
From out the naphtha's glare,
The priests their silver censers swung,
And scatter'd incense there.

On robe and cowl the blue flame glow'd,
And on the idols round,
And, wildly gleaming upward, show'd
The massive pillars, crown'd
With diamonds, like the stars of night,
In sparkling thousands met,
Within that rudely arching height,
By nature, firmly set.
There pass'd the dread decree for her—
Who late through Cashmire found
In every heart a worshipper,
A shrine on every mound.
The vestal priestess! she who stood
So near their Hindu heaven,
Whom they, its simple votaries, view'd
As void of earthly leaven;
She who, of home and faith bereft,
A wandering outcast now,
Had all life's earlier idols left
For young affection's vow.
Like offerings on a shrine were given
The links long years had tied,
Till she had but her trust in heaven,
And him, her heavenward guide.
Their path is through a desert's sand,
Its sultry sky above—

They who had left the fairest land
That flowers and breezes love.
Now, if, perchance, one lonely gale,
While floating through the calm—
A wanderer from the distant vale
That cradled it in balm—
A moment fann'd their fever'd brows ;
They met its gentle might,
As drink the palm tree's thirsty boughs
The silver dews of night.
There too the humble rosemary,
The desert's twinless child,
Looking from out her sandy sea,
Like love o'er ruin smiled,
And call'd a smile from one to whom
Flowers ever were so dear,
Who loved to watch their kindred bloom,
And sigh'd to see them sere—
Yet to her touch the fragile thing,
In mockery of her trust,
Turn'd, like the eastern insect's wing,
Its brilliant hues to dust !
O ! went not memory in that hour
To other scenes and times,
As to its birth-place turns the flower,
Removed to stranger climes ?

Thought she not of those gorgeous rites
By Brahma's mystic tide,
At noon of India's solemn nights,
When, to their faith allied,
A consecrated priestess, crown'd
With sacred emblem flowers,
She scatter'd incense-offerings round
To those unearthly powers—
Her voice then woke the pagan song,
Now heard in the christian rite
As a star, that clouds have darken'd long,
Returns to its place in light!
Thought she not of the bended knee,
Of the homage of the crowd,
The lips that bless'd her purity,
The heads before her bow'd?
For the heart will cling to an olden dream
Though its light has long been o'er,
As the boughs still hang o'er an icy stream
That mirrors them no more.
She felt them all—but hope is strong,
And young love stronger still;
And, though around their pathway throng
The shades of human ill,

Yet love has e'er a hidden might,
When clouds the sky o'ersweep,
Like the flower that blooms at dead of night,
When its vestal sisters sleep.

LOS MUSICOS.

BY JAMES N. BARKER.

THE towers of Granada may shine in their pride,
The Oro may roll in its gold :
The trumpet may call, and the tourney-knight ride,
And the beauteous give wreaths to the bold.
But afar from the masque and the mockery we fly,
To where nature invites to the grove ;
Where health and enjoyment fall bright from the sky,
Over harmony, friendship and love.

Can the meteor of glory, the vapour of fame,
To the soul a true pleasure impart ?
Can the fever of revel, the glowings of shame,
Give peace or content to the heart ?
Be ours the pure offerings that nature bestows,
The blessings that beam from above,
The spirit's free play, and the bosom's repose,
With harmony, friendship and love.



Painted by Watteau

Engraved by Geo. B. R. M.

LOS MUSICOS.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"STAY, angry ocean ! for thy breast
The beautiful now bears ;
Rock thy wild tossing waves to rest,
And calm their anxious cares."
Hark ! to the sullen answering roar—
" Beneath my world of waves,
Earth's loveliest have sought before,
The quiet of my caves."

" But manhood treads the reeling deck
With steps of pride and power,
His stern deep voice man's rage could check,
In passion's stormiest hour !"
" Speak ye of power !—the conqueror's boast
Of fleets that awe the world,
Lies shiver'd on my rockiest coast,
Or in my depths is furl'd !"

"If wealth could bribe thee, stormy sea!"—

"My cells are paved with gold,

With many an empire's treasury,

In yellow heaps, untold;

And pearls and gems, that shame the round

Upon a monarch's brow,

Are cumbering the quiet ground,

Where monsters rest them now.

"Nor youth nor beauty, wealth nor power,

Can calm me, or delay ;

Resistless, as the passing hour,

Is my impetuous way.

There is no flattery in my ruth,

Capriciously I spare ;

Death and the ocean speak the truth,

To hear it, listen there !"

THE SPIRIT'S DWELLING.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

WHEN, freed from being's galling chain,
We press that couch of rest,
Where thought no longer wracks the brain,
Nor sorrow fills the breast,
Where cold and pulseless lies the heart,
And quench'd the beaming eye:
Ah! whither strays the immortal part,
That is not doom'd to die?

Does it, on light-wing'd zephyrs borne,
Float gently through the sky,
Low whispering in the breath of morn,
Or mix'd with evening's sigh?
'Twere sweet, when memory loads the mind
With grief too deep to speak,
To hear lost loved ones in the wind,
And feel them on our cheek!

Does it, through ether's viewless track,
Seek out some burning star,
Whence thought will sometimes wander back,
To this bleak world afar?
Oh! it were glorious to believe
That, from each radiant sphere,
Spirits in bliss watch through the eve
O'er those they loved when here!

Whence is your light, ye quenchless fires
That gild night's azure skies,
The unwavering flame that ne'er expires,
Whence, but from seraphs' eyes!
I ask no learned astronome,
To tell me what you are,
But deem yon vault bless'd spirits' home,
A soul in every star.

Yet wheresoe'er the spirit springs,
Its earthly fetters riven,
Whether it rides on zephyr's wings,
Or shines a star of heaven,
The hearts that humbly trust his might,
Who rules stars, wind and wave,
In spite of death shall reunite,
In bliss beyond the grave.

